

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

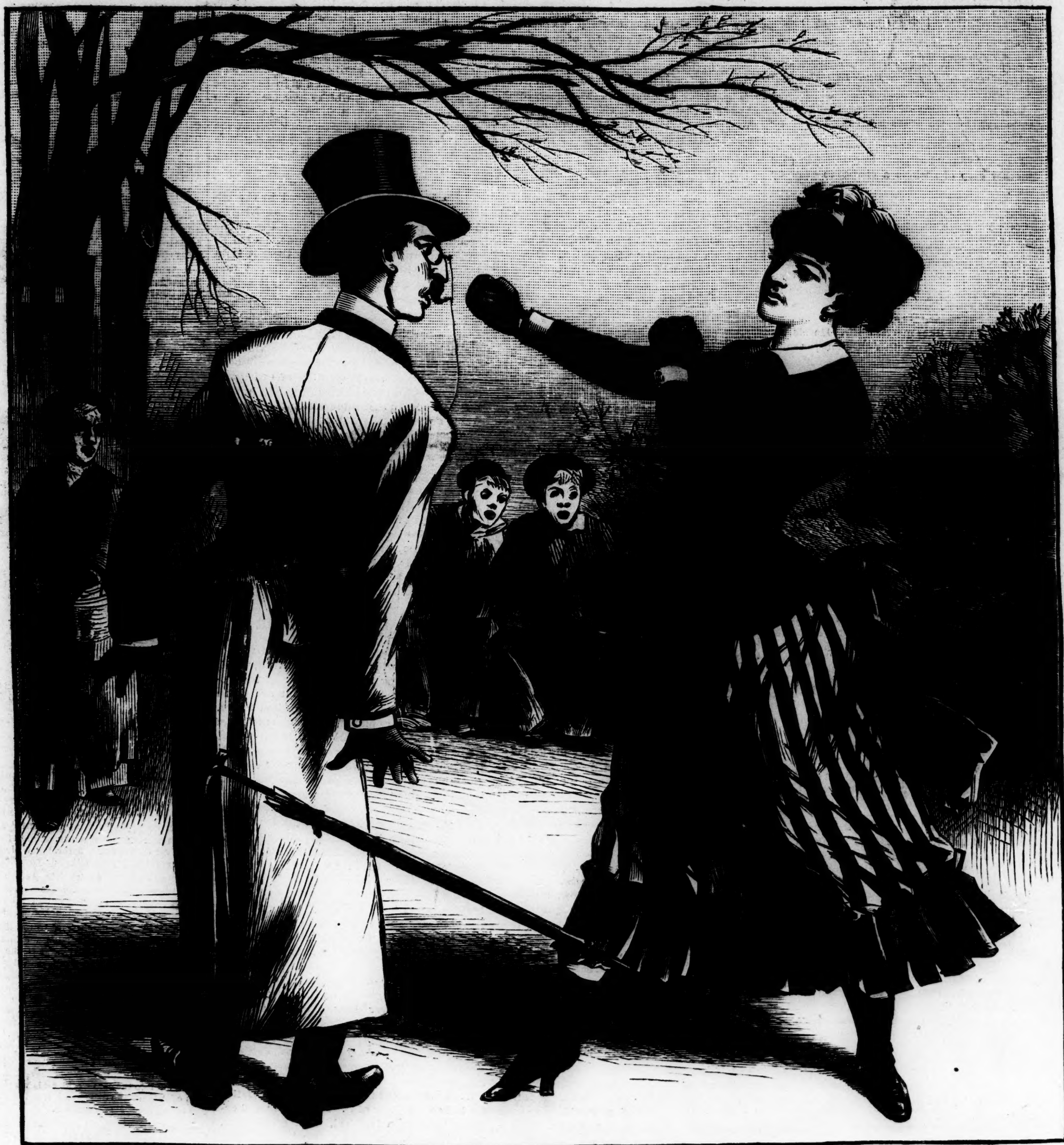
THE LEADING
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price Ten Cents.



"PUT UP, SHUT UP OR GET!"

THE ALTERNATIVES PRESENTED TO AN AMOROUS SAPHEAD BY A PUGILISTIC BELLE IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, April 26, 1884.

GREAT OFFER.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,
The Best Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational Paper in the World, and

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,
The Spiciest Dramatic and best Story Paper in America, illustrating the Sensations of the Day.

These two great papers will be mailed to any address in the United States three months for

\$1.50.

Send on your subscriptions at once. Sample copies mailed free on application.

The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX.

THE more we learn of the Star Route prosecutions the less we are satisfied with their results.

JACK HAVELY has gone to Europe, to give another crop of suckers a chance to grow up here.

SEND \$1.50 and get the GAZETTE and *Week's Doings* for three months. You will never regret it.

THE average intelligence of the average Canadian may be inferred from the fact that Confederate notes pass readily for greenbacks in the Dominion.

DAVID DAVIS likes married life. He stands on the connubial, as on other questions, as solid as a 375-pound rock.

A STANTON STREET Dutchman has choked to death on a crumb of bread. This is what comes of being a glutton.

If any one doesn't believe that this is beautiful spring let them read about the snow-storms all over the country and be convinced.

LAWRENCE BARRETT says Henry Irving is almost as great an actor as himself. Lawrence was always a generous man—in his mind.

FROM the sort of talking Lawrence Barrett has been doing in England it looks as if he had lately taken to bracing up on taffy instead of sour wine.

ANOTHER bad play by Joaquin Miller is threatened us. This, with the drama Mark Twain is getting up, will make the summer season hot indeed.

THE cheapest and most fascinating literary offer ever made by any publisher is that of the POLICE GAZETTE and *Week's Doings* for three months, for \$1.50.

THE purchase of Cuba is again being agitated here. We had better learn to govern our own country on an honest and common-sense basis before we annex another.

A PLAGUE is raging among the sheep in Pennsylvania now, and the State will soon be full of enterprising speculators to buy the diseased meat to sell cheap to the poor.

ZOLA ought to work the Sharon divorce case up for a novel. Sarah Althea would make as lively a heroine as *Nana*, and Miss Brackett would work up well for a second edition of *Satin*.

WILLIAM SEXTON announces his intention of withdrawing from the professional field. Sexton is an artist in his line, and will be missed, but it will not be long before his place is worthily taken.

A MAN, announced as the champion wrestler of Greece, challenges all the other champions. He trains on oleomargarine exclusively, and calculates to lay out any man who has a nose in one bout.

It has taken the Canadian courts two years and a half to find out that a man was not guilty of murder. The Canadian courts are evidently as far behind the age as most other things in the Dominion.

A GREAT offer: the POLICE GAZETTE and the *Week's Doings*, three months, for \$1.50.

THE Emperor William is nearly convalescent according to cable reports. Considering that no one in America knew or cared that he was sick, the thrilling importance of this news will be instantaneously perceived.

A PHILADELPHIA family recently discovered a large portion of a hog's tooth in some stuff bought for butter. They would probably have found the whole hog if it had happened to be too rotten to sell as meat.

NOBODY is to blame for the wreck of the Daniel Steinmann, of course. The investigators into the casualty are really very kind to decide, however, that the captain should have been a little more careful.

THE *Journalist* is a new and brisk paper devoted to newspapers and newspaper men, by C. A. Byrne and Leander Richardson. It is published on Saturdays, and is worth its price. Buy a copy and be convinced.

THE regular annual Cuban expedition has been turned loose in the ever-faithful Isle, from Key West. The unfortunate planters will be exposed to the usual summer of plunder, and the windy patriots in New York will drink success to the marauders in the customary style. Revolutionizing is a great business for men who are good for nothing else. The only trouble about it is that though it rids society of quite a number of vagabonds, their extermination costs more than it is worth.

A CHAMPION bad Irish comedian has been extensively advertised as having such strong religious scruples that he would not play on Holy Week. This is the same alleged actor who, six or seven years ago, while on a drunk in a Philadelphia bagnio, left the unfortunate woman he had been consorting with, and her friend, to roast to death when her dress caught fire by accident. It is a pity for the girl's sake his religious scruples did not set in some eight years back.

THE old Knickerbocker Cottage on Sixth avenue has changed hands, Capt. Fowler having sold out to Ex-Alderman Barney Goodwin. The captain was one of the champion bonifaces of New York, and his house has for over twenty years been a resort for the best class of our convivial citizens. Mine host Goodwin has an eighteen-year lease to work on, and will doubtless make as great a reputation for himself as Capt. Fowler did. The Thirteen Club will continue to defy superstition at the Knickerbocker, as of yore.

SECRETARY C. P. WILLARD of the Eureka Detective Agency of Charleston, W. Va., was accidentally killed on April 7, under extremely melancholy circumstances. He was walking with his affianced, and playfully flourished one of those dangerous playthings, a Remington rifle-cane which he carried constantly. The lady caught at it, when it exploded, sending a bullet through his heart. A thorough gentleman and a sterling officer, Mr. Willard had a host of friends, to whom his death was a terrible shock. The Agency of which he was so efficient a member is in deep mourning on his account.

OLD Albert Weber, the piano man, had an illegitimate daughter, whom he acknowledged as his, but for whose support he contributed nothing. Like a true miser, he put her off with promises of being remembered in his will, and when he died she was, of course, discovered to have no show there. The poor girl then began a suit against the estate, and the family, instead of settling with her and concealing the contemptible meanness of the author of their fortunes, fought it against her. She has secured a final judgment against them now, and they will be forced to disgorge, as they ought to have done long ago.

THE POLICE GAZETTE has time and again denounced the so-called "French flats" with which rapacious landlords have been encumbering the metropolis. These monumental death-traps are a standing invitation to the fire fiend, and the safety their tenants enjoy is due to good luck alone. The burning of the big St. George flat in Seventeenth street is only another indorsement of our reiterated statements. But for the heroism of the firemen and the police, and the fact that it occurred during the day, that conflagration would have been attended with sickening loss of life. Whenever one of these buildings roasts a tenant the landlord ought to be held to account for murder, and the law rigidly applied to him. Then our French flats might become safer. Otherwise they never will.

PERPETUAL MOTION KEELY advertised a performance of his machine last week, but it didn't come off. The only Keely performance which does come off on advertised time is the assessment of the stockholders. That never fails.

If George W. Cable can't get up any funnier books than his alleged joke on Mark Twain, he had better go to car-driving. It strikes us, that the April fool in connection with that matter was not Mark Twain, but George W. Cable.

THE actors are commencing to arrive in town, weary and footsore, and the ginmill-keepers of Union square are getting out the old signs—"No Trust," "Poor Trust is Dead; Bad Pay killed him," "Our Slate is Broken," and so on.

ONE of the actors the Salmi Morse "Passion Play" confidence game skinned has recovered a verdict against the backers of the late unlamented wandering Jew for salary due him. Now, let the other victims sail in. They ought all to recover judgments, and the judgments ought to be enforced.

ENGLAND continues to unload her paupers on us. Upward of 300 of them were landed in Boston last week. "Over the Sea to the Poor-house," would be a good title for a new poem, by Will Carleton. It might not be as romantic as the one he became famous through, but it would have a deal more truth in it.

IT is reported that during a recent storm hall-stones as large as goose eggs, and in the shape of coffins, coffee-pots, whisky-jugs, etc., fell on the premises of Col. R. C. Saxon, in Bartow county. No account is given, however, of the number of jugs of real whisky which fell into Col. Saxon before he saw this remarkable phenomenon of nature.

IF such a story as that involved in the extraordinary murder and suicide at Niagara Falls was put in a novel or a play the public would not have it. It would be denounced as unnatural and impossible. But there it is in black and white, an attestation of the fact that truth is stranger than fiction any day it chooses to be.

SOME of the Kivalry ballet girls having broken their contracts to escape starvation, and fled to Italy, have been arrested there for violating their pledges, and the Kivalrys are boasting of it. If the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took a little of the interest in human beings it does in the brute creation, the Kivalrys would not blow so hard about their white slaves. But their time will come, never fear.

CHAS. E. COONS was taken back to California from the East, at the expense of the State, on a charge of embezzlement, preferred by Mrs. Mary Anderson, of San Jose. No sooner was Coons landed in jail than the woman visited him and held an affectionate interview. She sends him meals to him, provides him with cigars and other comforts, and is expected to make an unwilling witness. Coon-hunting evidently don't pay in California.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN AT HOME.

We present this week in a pictorial form a history of the career of John L. Sullivan, which will be interesting to every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, which means about every one who reads a newspaper in the United States. Our double page of pictures embraces the life of the "Boston Boy" from his cradle, in the modest house of his birth, to his luxurious retreat in his own bow-window, with his canary bird and the POLICE GAZETTE for company. In connection with these illustrations will be found a complete biography of the fistie hero of the Hub, compiled from authentic materials furnished by the records and his own family.

In presenting this magnificent addition to the chronicles of American sport, we have been actuated by two reasons.

One was to do justice to the hitherto invincible monarch of the arena, about whom so much has been written, and so little, comparatively, is really known; the other, to meet a demand on the part of the public for facts in regard to the champion.

Thus, it will be seen, the POLICE GAZETTE as usual fulfills its mission as the greatest illustrated weekly ever known to the sporting world.

The duty of every newspaper is to do justice to all men, and to satisfy its readers. From the time the POLICE GAZETTE took a new lease of life, under its present proprietorship, it has striven to execute this duty. If it has ever failed we have yet to hear of it. Time, labor and expense have been lavished, week after week, upon this purpose. Our motto has been "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," and it is a principle we have never gone back on and never will.

Watch us, and see.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit Culled from Many Sources.

IN the recent gale many doors were severely hinge-ured.

"BETTER lay-it than never," cackles the industrious hen.

A DANGEROUS practice—that of the newly-fledged physician.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was one of the first men to "go West."

THE man who lost his shoes is disconsolate—they were his sole support.

A DUEL is the quickest kind of an encounter, because it only takes two seconds.

THE original Mary's little "lamb" was given to her by her angry mother—and Mary wept.

GLOVE-FIGHTING is called manly sport, probably because women do their fighting without gloves.

WE are told nothing was made in vain; but how about the fashionable girl? Isn't she maiden vain?

TWELVE million clocks were manufactured last year, necessitating the employment of a great many hands.

THEY say dogs can't reason, but no one will doubt that a dog tries to reach a conclusion when he chases his tail.

DID it ever occur to you, among the general fluctuations of prices, that umbrellas "go up" oftener than anything else?

"No, sir, I don't hire out to that farmer. His confounded fences are all barbed wire, and I can't get a minute's rest on 'em."

TWO boys quarrelling: "My pa is a preacher and will go to heaven." "Yes, an' my pa is a doctor an' can kill your ole pa."

A HEALTH journal tells "How to Catch a Cold." The cold may escape, for all we care. We shall not undertake to catch it.

DO not long for wealth, young man. Strawberries are never so small, hard, seedy and unpalatable as when they are \$12 a quart.

WE may expect to hear our Fourth of July orators shout, next summer: "Let the hog squeal!" instead of "Let the eagle scream!"

IT is the energetic, pushing man who succeeds in this world. Young man, if you can't find anything else to push, push a baby coach.

A WOMAN doesn't consistently use profuse language, but the way she says "Gracious!" when she slips down, is full of subtle meaning and inherent force.

IT is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The breeze which fills your eyes with dust makes the open barrels of sugar in front of the grocery store weigh heavier.

A PREACHER having married a couple in church, the other day, unfortunately gave out as the very next hymn, "Mistaken souls that dream of heaven."

MR. RUSKIN says that a couple should court seven years. Either Mr. Ruskin has no grown-up daughters, or coal is very much cheaper in England than it is here.

IT is said that the Mexicans are so lazy that they don't take the trouble to get off the railroad track when a train is coming. They prefer to be assisted by the cowcatcher.

DISPATCHES from Egypt all unite in praising the bravery of the Arabs. This is to be expected when it is remembered that Arabs have the courage to marry more than one wife.

A CLUMSY man, in getting out of a street car, stepped so heavily on a pretty girl's toes that her shrieks made the horses run away. This is a decidedly stupid way of making a mash.

PENNSYLVANIA has an editor ninety-one years old. He attributes his long life and excellent health to the fact that he never expected to please everybody, and never tried to.

A PHILADELPHIA man compels his daughter to eat onions every night for supper, and thus assures himself that he can shut the house at 10 o'clock without locking in a strange young man.

"INTO the illt of love's blithe measure there has crept a curious jar and halt," sings Ella Wheeler. It appears that Ella's pa, too, comes down to the gate sometimes in his largest pair of boots.

EACH one of a family of four brothers dwelling near Pottsville, Pa., has a wooden leg. They have all been paying attentions to a girl whose father owns a large bear-trap, and is not afraid to use it.

"I PRIDE myself on my descent," said a spinster of uncertain age, recently. "One of my ancestors came over with the Conqueror." "Which one was it," cried a cruel wit, "your father or your mother?"

THE man who kicks his daughter's lover down three flights of stairs, sends her to bed with a scolding, then slacks the parlor fire and turns off the gas, should be sent to prison for contempt of court.

EVERY woman has an undoubted right to a home, a husband and a half-dozen babies—if she can get them. This is leap-year, and if she don't make a vigorous jump after her rights, she deserves to get left.

A PHILADELPHIA hotel-keeper seeks to scare the rural visitor into turning off the gas with notices thus: "The relatives and friends of guests who blow out the gas will have to pay for the amount of gas wasted before the body will be delivered."

ADAM's fall reached a long way. Adam and Eve were first placed in the Garden of Eden, where it was perpetual summer. When they sinned they were driven out into the cold world, and ever since that the sons of Adam have had to pay \$7 a ton for coal and \$500 apiece for sealskin saques.

A BLOOMINGTON, Ill., woman wants a divorce because her husband tried to cut out her tongue. She should have it. Her brute of a husband should have been satisfied with about seven inches of that over-worked member. It is supposed that she gave him "a piece of her tongue" so often that he wanted it all at once.

STAGE WHISPERS.

More Buzzings From the George Washingtons of the Profesh.

Facts and Fictions Flashed From the Four Quarters of the Globe by the Tongue of Gossip.

CURTIS.—"Sam'l of Posen" doesn't seem to be "catching on" this season.

DAVIS.—The disappearance of Gen. Paresis Davis from public view is one of the sweet boons the present season has brought us.

SOTHERN.—Lytton Sothern opens at the Mount Morris next week. The out-of-town papers say that he is quite as good as the old man of that name.

STRATTON.—Mrs. Sherwood E. Stratton, mother of the late Tom Thumb, died recently in Wallingford, Conn. She was a woman of the average size.

DOLARO.—Selina Dolaro has written a deliciously amusing comedy, which she will soon produce. She is one of the few actresses who understand humor.

BYRON.—Oliver Byrne Dowd calls his new play "Thrice Slain." It evidently takes as much trouble to kill Dowd's plays as it does to understand them.

LOMBARDELLI.—The Mapleson Opera Company raised \$2,300 for the widow of Lombardelli, the basso, who died suddenly in San Francisco. Gerster contributed \$1,000, Patti, \$150.

MANSFIELD.—It must be acknowledged, even by those who most dislike Richard Swellhead Mansfield, that his *Baron von Wiener-Schnitzel* in "La Vie," is a very clever and artistic piece of acting.

BLACKBURN.—The Blackburn gives signs of returning to the stage—if one is to judge by the extraordinary romances which she is causing to be published in provincial newspapers. Better a blizzard!

TOOKER.—Joe Tooker says that he is no longer a Jonah, but "a negative Mascot." He declares that "On the Yellowstone" failed because he resigned the "business management" of that weird show. More'n likely.

FLORENCE.—The rumor that Miss Florence intends to celebrate, this summer, the centennial anniversary of her first appearance on the stage, is a trifle premature. That joyous event will not be due till next winter.

CAMPBELL.—"My Partner," by Bartholomew Campbell, Esq., is much applauded in Glasgow by worthy people who never saw America or Americans. They pronounce it life-like in its fidelity to nature.

FILKINS.—"Bob" Filkins, the "hustler," is going to Europe with Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels. They are to play three months at Drury Lane. If anybody can make them a "go," it is the mammoth Robert.

EVESON.—Isabella Evesson, the still prettier sister of the very pretty Estelle Clayton, has gone to England with Charles Wyndham's company. She will make a great sensation on the London stage, see if she doesn't.

THORNE.—Ned Thorne is one of the few—the very, very few—actors who are not spoiled by success. The fact that he has made a small fortune out of "The Black Flag," has only made him all the jollier and more generous.

BIRCH.—Billy Birch's benefit is to come off shortly. It will be managed by "Cully" Smith. People desirous of seeing "Cully" in the flesh will flock thither in crowds. Properly handled "Cully" would be an immense attraction as a star.

MCCULLOUGH.—John McCullough, who looks very much run down and out of sorts, is going to Mexico for a holiday. Everybody who knows him hopes he will come back the same sturdy, kindly, jovial fellow he was three years ago.

HILL.—Barton Hill, who has written several good plays in his time, and who is a very modest and likeable fellow, has just perpetrated another. He calls it "Leo"—perhaps because some tall lily will be done about it before it is produced.

STETSON.—John Stetson is credited with having changed his mind eighteen times in one day. This will be news to a good many people who have hitherto supposed that John's changeableness took every other form than that alluded to.

RIE.—The extraordinary melancholy of Mark Tapley Rice, which everybody noticed last week, was due to the fact that, for a wonder, both his companies were making money. Happily for Rice's good humor, this can't last very long.

WELBY.—The remains of Bertha Welby have reached Pittsburgh in their funeral march. Their excellent state of preservation continues, and the poor thing really looks life-like at times. The final obsequies, however, ought not to be delayed much longer.

INSANE.—McCaull's Opera Company gave a concert, the other day, for the benefit of the lunatics in the Philadelphia Asylum. At its present rate of decadence, English opera will soon have to depend exclusively on idiots and cranks for sympathy and support.

THEO.—Maurice Grau is to pay Theo \$6,000 a month for her services next season. This will be about \$4,500 more than Theo will draw. Her good-natured and obliging tailor-husband is coming out with her, and will "work" the dudes as blithely and profitably as he did last year.

JANAUSCHEK.—The Building Department having given its consent, Fanny Janauscheck appears at the Star theatre week after next. As an exponent of the (broken) English drama Fanny deserves respect, but it is usually her size and weight which make the greatest impression.

OUILLER.—The heroic person who has jumped into the breach (of promise) and offered to marry Miss Fortescue, the lady who at one time hoped to be the Countess Cairns, is named Ouiller. The fact that Miss Fortescue contemplates an American tour may explain this deed of unprecedented valor.

SMASHERS.—The Grau Opera Company and "A Friendly Tip" are the latest lingering deaths in the profession. If this sort of thing keeps on landlords will refuse to board "show people," and they will have to live under canvas. The "drama" seems to be in a pretty unhealthy state all over.

BELASCO.—The fact that Belasco has written a "new and original play" has caused quite a run on Harry French's fifteen-cent acting edition library. As soon as the crowd is "on to" David's fountain head the number of "new and original" versions of his "new and original comedy" will be a caution.

DOUBLE-UP.—It is whispered that Augusta Roche and Ida Mülle are going to introduce a double sketch entitled "The Long and the Short of It." The breadth of Miss Roche's humor is much enjoyed by those who take what architects call "a rear elevation view" of that extensive lady and devoted wife.

MORRIS.—Clara Morris, envious of the success of Minnie Palmer and Mary Anderson, talks of renting a London theatre for an appearance in the British metropolis. Clara will make a bigger fizzle even than Lotta if she tries it. The press and the public will both go for her in a way to make her wish she had never been born.

FLEMING.—W. J. Fleming has become a "horrible example." He gives wonderful illustrations of the effects of rum at temperance meetings. Those who have seen him say that he is prejudicing intelligent spectators quite as much against the stage as the ginmill. The two institutions are pretty closely connected anyhow.

"NADJEZDA."—Bartymore has succeeded in getting his play out of the octopus clutch of Modjeska & Co. Modjeska has been "down" on the piece from the moment the newspapers said it was much stronger than her ability to play it. Bartymore will now be able to get a woman with force and fire in the part, and it will make an immense hit. So mote it be!

HESS.—C. W. Hess, who was a colonel of volunteers during the war, and whose gallantry under fire twice won him mention in general orders, is now in Mexico, where he proposes to fill out a route for American combinations. He says that for a learned pig, the Great American Four and Helen Barry, there is always a paying audience in the land of the *Mescal*.

BIRD.—A great many people would give a good deal to know what John H. Bird's real profession may be. He has appeared as Genevieve Ward's leading man, and Edith de Belleville's lawyer. The key to the mystery is evidently this: viewed as a lawyer he is an actor, and regarded as an actor he is decidedly a lawyer. That seems to define his status beautifully.

LUCK.—John Stetson's luck seems to cling to everything he handles. Gilbert & Sullivan never scored a failure until "Gentleman John" undertook to be their sole agent over here, and the latest from the field of battle is that at Syracuse, the other night, "Princess Ida" was performed without an orchestra. Curious persons are compiling a list of the misadventures which attend "Gentleman John" this current season.

RHEA.—Rhea, "The Society Favorite" (per advertisement of Arthur Chase, Esq.), was so pleased with her success in Philadelphia that she presented Sam Nixon, manager of the Chestnut Street theatre, with an oil-painting of herself. At least Chase says it is an oil-painting, while Nixon rather clings to the idea that it was composed and executed by a lithographic press.

STAG.—Geraldine Umar will shortly leave the stage in order to retire into private life as the wife of a rich broker. In six months another paragraph will be set afloat, as usual, to the effect that "in consequence of family disagreements and misunderstandings Miss Geraldine Umar will resume her former place in the operatic profession." It's as dead sure as daylight after dark.

SALSBURY.—Nate Salsbury's wonderful resemblance to Wm. H. Seymour has made some of the Boston papers suspect his identity. They insist that Wm. H. is playing a joke on them by passing himself off as Salsbury. Anybody who has seen both the men act would scarcely be fooled by the likeness. Seymour is an extremely funny comedian, whereas Salsbury never raises a laugh except in his tragic moods.

RENTZ.—The threatened combat between Mike Rentz-Leavitt and his ex-agent, Rosenbaum, has been postponed at the joint request of both parties. They don't exactly speak as they pass by, but each keeps a safe distance from the other. It is generally believed that Mike's afraid of Rosenbaum darsent. Meantime the company which Mike abandoned to its fate in Berlin is slowly working its way back to the "States" in various menial capacities aboard of sundry sailing-ships.

SIDDONS.—Ida Siddons, a lady who leads a band of female minstrels, and whose hardihood in exposing herself in the most primitive costume to the weather and the public, is the wonder and the admiration of all extant Maseppas, has just received a present of a plush mirror. The giver evidently feared that a silvered glass one couldn't stand the reflection that would be cast upon it. A real friend would have given Ida a circular cloak, or a water-proof, to eke out the brevity of her wardrobe.

INTELLIGENCE.—An eccentric play-goer was seen recently in a Georgia theatre. He was a raw countryman, and it was his first visit to the play. Seeing him staring about in a bewildered manner a gentleman offered him his opera-glass. The Joskin took it eagerly and applied it to his lips. Immediately afterward, handing it back to the owner, he said, disconsolately: "There's nothin' into it!" He had mistaken the opera-glass for a whisky flask!

"THIRST."—Negotiations are being made for the production of "Thirst," a new five-act emotional drama by M. H. Rosenfield, a Boston journalist, to be produced at McVicker's theatre, Chicago, at an early day. The play is purely American, the scenes being laid in Newport, R. I., and drawn from the phases of fashionable life at that seaport. Sara Jewett will sustain the leading role. She was engaged for the part as the driest actress on the American stage.

JARGENS.—A fair example of the dire poverty of the Metropolitan Opera House crowd is afforded in the fact that John Jargens, a singer in Abbey's company, only receives \$7 a week salary. The statement so moved the Justice who was listening to the complaint of desertion preferred by his wife, that he let John go on an agreement to pay the lady only \$2 a week alimony. Even Abbey's lowly and ill-paid chorus singers, so it would appear, must indulge in the

luxuries which have made Tearle and De Belleville famous.

JARBOE.—In our issue of last week a paragraph appeared stating that the father of that charming woman and brilliant soubrette, Vernona Jarbeau, was reported to be one of the parties in a suit in a local court. This statement was incorrect. Mr. Jarboe is not a party to any suit if he knows it, and desires this fact to be distinctly understood.

JAMES.—The simple patrons of dime museum who have reveled in the dramatic exhibitions of Mrs. Jesse James and Texas Charlie, will be pained to learn that Mrs. Jesse James and Texas Charlie are jailed in Pittsburg on a charge of swindling. They will be still more distressed to know that Mrs. Jesse James is not Mrs. Jesse James at all, but is the wife of Texas Charlie, who, in like manner is not Texas Charlie but "a skin" and "bilk," known to the police as Jim Fox. Too bad, isn't it?—and such a shocking blow to "our profession."

ARTISTE.—She had been the star of the Gold-dust Variety Palace, Graveyard, Dakota, and had just come on to fulfill an engagement at an Eastern "Theatre Comique." 'Twas but a short time before she had kicked her name out of the bills and roamed vigorously over the faces of manager and aids. She had been billed and alluded to as "a cantatrice." She wouldn't have it. She was as good as any other darned lady in the show, and didn't propose to come East to be insulted and called names by anybody.

SARGENT.—The Countess de Raconska, who is in a Philadelphia prison on a charge of shooting a twelve-year-old boy, told an interviewer last week that she was a graduate of the Paris Conservatory, at one time vocalist to Napoleon III., and later a successful concert singer at St. James' Hall, London. England. As soon as this gifted person gets out of jail, Harry Sargent is going to take her round the country in opposition to Modjeska. As there is no "Count" Charles Bosenta Chlabowski attached to her train, she will probably do even better than her compatriot and predecessor.

MCCAULL.—John McCaull, who has a rare gift of quarreling with his "artists," has bounet the gifted lady who calls herself "Madame Fernandez." To let herself out easily she publishes—or causes to be published—this paragraph: "Urgent family matters recall her to Europe. A cable received from England obliged her to return at once. Owing to the gravity of the cause Col. McCaull had very kindly consented to release her from the few remaining weeks of her engagement." As she was an utter failure, nobody's heart seems likely to be broken by the sad fact of her departure.

PROPER.—The highly respectable Miss Emma Abbott has made up her mind to put an end to the bugging and kissing which usually goes on among chorus singers while waiting in the wings. To effect that admirable object she has ordered all her male choristers to marry the female members of the troupe. This matrimonial pairing off will, of course, put an end at once to the endearments and osculations of which the virtuous Emma and the censorious Wetherill justly complain. The wholesome nuptials are to take place next month, and it would pay a divorce lawyer to ascertain the when and where, so as to be on hand with his cards.

FUNNY.—W. P. Spaulding recently received the following letter of congratulation upon the recovery of his wife: "I am pleased to hear of George's recovery, but bet the angels are all mad because she got well; for you know, according to the old creed, as soon as one goes to Heaven (and of course all show people go there) he is presented with a harp, and there must be so many darned poor players among them that the advent of George would have been hailed with acclamations of delight. Wouldn't the angels have taken a back seat when she entered the pearly gates, seized a golden harp, and with celestial fingers, evoked the music of the gods! If I get there before she does, I will fix it with the boys of the land of harp-players to give her a great reception."

MATTHEWS.—Brander Matthews, the literary "dude," who belongs to the Gilder-Potter mob, is said to be pushing his new "play" at the Madison Square. Brander married one of Lydia Thompson's burlesques—a pretty girl named Ada Harland—who taught him all he knows about the stage. His "Marjorie's Love" was a grim and ghastly failure, and his social pretensions have been knocked on the head by the disclosure of the fact that his wife—an excellent and charming lady—used to be one of the Thompsonian blondes. So it is not easy to see what "pull" Brander can have with the Mallory syndicate. His "teas" and "Sunday evenings," by the way, are said by Townsend Percy to be a good deal funnier than Mrs. Leo Hunter's celebrated "Swarry."

FOLLY.—The Britshers will have plenty of minstrelsy in their summer theatrical diet. Callender's Colored Minstrels, under the Frohman management, sailed from this city, March 29, on the Oregon, and will open April 12, at the Royal Holborn (formerly the International) theatre, prolonging their stay as long as the houses warrant. Chas. A. Haslam assumes charge of the minstrels on this tour, having left his "Hazel Kirke" company, March 22, Ramsay Morris filling his place, and J. B. Dorman succeeding the latter in the "Esmeralda" company. Meanwhile, Manager J. H. Haverly told us last week that his Mastodon Minstrels will sail from New York on May 14, opening at the Drury Lane theatre, London, England, May 31, and appearing later in Paris.

NEW.—The following is a description of a newly-invented instrument used by a variety team in England: "The instrument, called the 'Rock Harmonican,' from which they manage to extract music, is composed of slabs of stone taken, so it is said, from Mount Skiddaw. The description of the harmonican is as follows: On the top shelf of a wooden frame some 11 or 12 feet long, insulated by means of straw ropes, are twenty-five slabs of rough stone, from 4 feet to 6 or 8 inches long and from 1½ to 4 inches broad, arranged in threes and twos like the black notes of a piano, which indeed they represent. On the lower shelf, insulated in the same way, are the naturals, thirty-five in number, and gradually decreasing in size from the long, deep notes of the bass clef to the small, high notes of the treble. This gigantic instrument is played by three performers, with wooden hammers covered with leather, in exactly the same manner as the musical glasses, and with a result as interesting as it is pleasing." The talented gentlemen who perform on this machine are said to have received more applause—in the form of brickbats and fragments of benches—than any other two artists who have ever played to a British audience. No wonder.

PERFORATED BY A PONIARD.

Carmilio Farach Thrust Through the Heart by an Unknown Assassin—His Partner Under Arrest.

[With Portraits.]

While James Fields, a laborer, was crossing a secluded field on the Green estate, between Brighton and Castleton avenues, in the village of New Brighton, Staten Island, Saturday, April 5, he discovered the body of a man lying a few feet from the pathway. The man was dead, but fresh blood was flowing from a wound in the left breast. A sword-cane was lying beside the dead man. The scabbard was on the left side, and the blade was lying across the right shoulder. Mr. Fields hurried to the house of Officer Edward Finerty, and, in company with the policeman, returned to the field, and the officer took charge of the corpse until Coroner Lea arrived, an hour later. The coroner made a post-mortem examination and found that the body was warm, and that a gold watch, which was in the waistcoat pocket of the dead man, was still running.

When the body was turned over it was found that the sword-thrust had gone through the man's body and come out at the back. His heart had been pierced, and death must have been instantaneous, so that it would have been impossible for him to have inflicted upon himself such a wound and placed or tossed the scabbard and blade of the sword-cane in the positions where they were found. In one of the pockets of the body was found a twenty-dollar gold piece, and on one finger was a heavy seal ring with a letter "F" upon it. On Saturday Carmilio Farach, a cigar dealer, of 103 Degraw street, South Brooklyn, was seen by Valerio Lanzirrotti, a barber who keeps a store at 17 South street, in this city, in company with Antonio Flacomio, the two, after stopping in Lanzirrotti's shop for a few moments, going together toward the Staten Island ferry at the foot of Whitehall street. That was the last seen of the two by anyone who recognized them.

The wife of Carmilio Farach, and his brother Raymond, were surprised that he had not returned home during the night before. Raymond had seen his brother the day before start for New York, in company with Antonio Flacomio, who lived next door, and, going to the sidewalk, met Antonio.

"Where is my brother Carmilio? He was with you yesterday, and has not returned home yet. Have you seen him, or do you know where he is?" asked Raymond of Antonio.

The latter at once turned pale, and, turning away, replied gruffly: "Your brother was in New York yesterday, and had trouble with a man."

"Who was the man?" said Raymond, now alarmed, and following Antonio as the latter hurried inside his own doorway.

Antonio stopped on the stairs, and answered sharply to his questioner: "I don't know, but a barber in South street—Lanzirrotti—saw him and will tell you."

"Come with me to New York and show me the barber," pleaded Raymond. Antonio tried by several excuses to avoid going, but Raymond said that Antonio should go, as he was last seen with the missing man. Antonio, finding himself cornered, consented to go. He accompanied Raymond to Lanzirrotti's barber's shop, but refused to enter, and remained on the sidewalk. Raymond went into the barbershop and asked if Lanzirrotti, who was a friend of his, had seen his brother.

"He is dead, and has been murdered on Staten Island," replied the barber, handing Raymond a morning paper containing an account of the finding of the body. "Who told you I had seen him?" asked Lanzirrotti.

"Antonio Flacomio," replied Farach. "Where is he?" was the next question.

"Outside on the walk," said Raymond. The barber looked out of the door and came back to Raymond and said: "You want to arrest that man. He knows about the murder. He was with him."

Raymond then went out, walked along with Antonio until an officer was met in Brooklyn, and caused the arrest of the suspected man. Raymond afterward, in company with his brother-in-law, went to Staten Island and identified the body at the Morgue as that of his brother. The sword-cane belonged to the dead man. As soon as Raymond saw the body he began to lament. Finding a wound on the left hand, he said: "See where he tried to defend himself from the stiletto."

Then, seeing dirt on the trousers knees, he said again: "See where he fell on his knees when he was struck down."

The prisoner formerly kept a fruit-stand on Atlantic street, near South ferry. He is a tall, well-built man, of good address.

Carmilio Farach is one of four brothers, one of whom was several years ago threatened with death by the Italian desperado Chiaromonte, who was sentenced in 1879 to the penitentiary for stabbing Bernard Pardee, in Brooklyn. The coroner's inquest failed to unravel the mystery which still surrounds Farach's death.

"PUT UP, OR SHUT UP."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Madison square has recently been the stamping-ground of a very objectionable order of fifth-rate dudes who hang out in the Hoffman House and contiguous resorts of gilded vice. These sappy mashers make things unpleasant generally for ladies whose business or pleasure takes them to the park; but one received a merited and salutary set-back the other day. He had laid himself out to mash a young lady who takes a daily constitutional in the square, and had kept his persecutions up for several days. At last she rounded on him, put up her fives in true P. R. style, and treated him to a vigorous tap on the proboscis.

"There," she remarked; "will you get out now?" He got, and hasn't been seen on that side of the avenue since.

REV. HUMPHREY MUST SUPPORT MISS JONES.

The case of Miss Laura A. Jones against Rev. Griffith H. Humphrey, was decided in the Court of Special Sessions, this city, April 4. The charge against Mr. Humphrey was seduction. Miss Jones is a pretty servant girl, living at 340 West Seventeenth street. Mr. Humphrey is pastor of the Welsh Presbyterian church in East Thirteenth street, where he is held in such high esteem that the ladies of the congregation gave him an enthusiastic reception. The Court decided that Mr. Humphrey must contribute \$5 per week for the support of Miss Jones' three-month-old baby, and furnish bonds for \$500. The complainant and defendant were both in court accompanied by their friends.



A NOVEL SUICIDE.

A PHILADELPHIA ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT MAKER ENDS THE RACE OF LIFE OVERWEIGHTED WITH WOE AND IRON.

George J. Williams.

Chief Detective Alf. Burnett, of the Charleston, W. Va., police, arrived at Charleston on March 31, with an important prisoner named Noah G. Lamb, formerly of Williamston, North Carolina, but known as George J. Williams, who escaped from the Kanawha County Jail, on Dec. 26, 1880, where was confined to await sentence for violations of the United States postal laws, and to answer to nine indictments for various offenses.

Williams was arrested about six days ago in

Danville, Va., upon the complaint of one George Jones, who heard him say when drunk that "he had killed three men." When the Danville police searched his satchel they found newspaper clippings relative to a jail escape from Charleston, W. Va. This led to a correspondence with Detective Burnett, who promptly said that it was George J. Williams. Armed with a United States warrant from Commissioner Du Bois, Mr. Burnett started at once for Danville.

When he went to the jail he looked through the door and recognized his missing letter-writer who



GEORGE J. WILLIAMS,

A NOTED JAIL-BREAKER, LATELY RECAPTURED AT DANVILLE, VA.



DAVISEY WELLS,

THE MURDERER OF V. M. COATS, OF GLASGOW, ILLINOIS.

wanted people to think he was in Canada. Williams stepped forward, extended his hand, and said:

"How are you, Alf?" Then turning to the officers, he told them, "It was all up now." The authorities say that he is really from Williamston, N. C., where his sister is no other than the wife of the Rev. Mr. Houghton, rector of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Davisey Wells.

Davisey Wells, who killed V. M. Coats, at Glasgow, Scott county, Ill., on March 28, is in jail at Carrollton, Green county, Ill., where he was taken for fear of mob violence in Scott county. For this reason his capture was kept secret. Wells had been hiding near Happyville, four miles from Wilmington, Wells' home.

Wells, on the advice of friends, surrendered to John Jones, of Carrollton, an ex-sheriff and now county clerk. Wells was lodged in jail at Carrollton, on April 3, under cover of darkness. Rewards were offered for his arrest aggregating \$1,000. He could have been taken to Scott county without danger of lynching, as many of the best citizens of Glasgow have signed a paper agreeing to protect Wells in case of a mob. His secret surrender has caused much excitement.

MIKE RIDER, a five-year-old son of Anthony Rider, a miner at Bessemer, Pa., was playing with some companions on a bank of ovens at the Bessemer Coke Works. By some misfortune he missed his foothold and fell into a red-hot empty oven, which had been drawn and closed. The body was removed from the oven with the flesh completely roasted.



FREEZING HIM OUT.

HOW A CUSTOMER OF A NEW YORK RESTAURANT GOT EVEN WITH THE PROPRIETOR BY A PET ON ICE-HOLDING.



THE LADDER OF LIFE.

HOW FOUR MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE GALLANTLY RESCUED WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM A BURNING BUILDING.

An Indiana Barbecue.

Two masked men went to the house of John Smith, living in the vicinity of Rising Sun, Ind., April 4, and, having beaten him till he was insensible, ransacked the house in search of a large sum of money which Smith is reported to have secreted. Failing to find the money they lighted a fire and over it swung Smith back and forth, he having recovered consciousness, in hopes of making him disclose the hiding-place of the treasure. This was continued till their victim again became insensi-

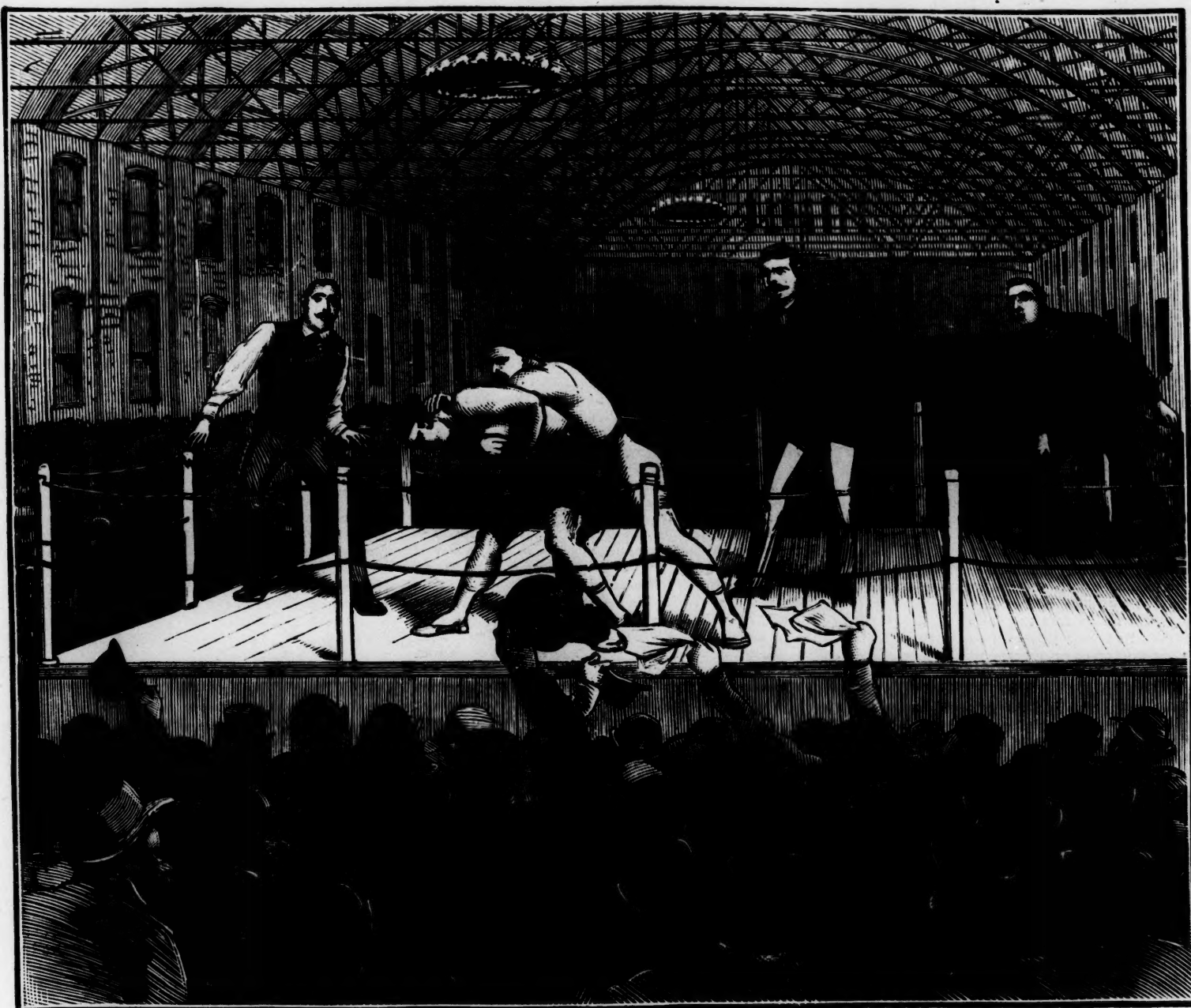


MRS. CARRIE MORSE,

A FEMALE WHO MADE BULLS AND BEARS OF THE
LITTLE DEARS OF NEW YORK.

ble, when the robbers, believing him dead, departed. The neighbors found the man horribly beaten and burned. A posse is in pursuit of the villains, who, if caught, will probably be lynched.

While children of Edward Noyes were playing hanging in their home at Sullivan, Me., recently, one of them, a boy six years old, became so entangled in the handkerchief used for a hangman's rope that death was caused by strangulation.



A DECIDEDLY MIXED WRESTLING MATCH.

THE GREAT CONTEST AT ARMORY HALL, CLEVELAND, BETWEEN DUNCAN C. ROSS AND MATSADA SORAKICHI, THE JAPANESE.



AN INDIANA BARBECUE.

HOW TWO VILLAINS AT RISING SUN, IND., OVERREACHED THEMSELVES BY TORTURING AN OLD MAN INTO INSENSIBILITY, AND DIDN'T FIND HIS BURIED WEALTH AFTER ALL.

CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. XII.

THE MILITARY PICNIC.

CAMP PLEASURES AND RELAXATIONS.

Another Reporter in Trouble--More About the Way History is Made--Henry Ward Beecher's Patriotism--Peck's Great Plan.

The life of the forty thousand campaigners now became a picnic. The humdrum existence of the camp had no more exciting episode for a month than the merry tent warnings in the Irish Legion, Father Dillon, a favorite young priest on the staff of Corcoran, presiding at each of these social affairs by virtue of his superior skill as a brewer of punch. And a famous punch it was that Dillon used to brew out of the raw commissary article. The flavor of it hangs vividly around the rosy retrospections of the merry, loading mouths of the camp in Suffolk.

The only military movements for some weeks were in the shape of foraging excursions several miles out in the neutral country, which was raided alternately by Johnnies and Yanks. Of course nothing resulted from these stealing expeditions, and they tended in no degree to brighten up the strategic situation or to bring the war for the Union even one step nearer to a close one way or the other. But Peck had to do something to make his reports interesting and to keep up the supposition in Washington that he and his command were good for something. What purpose this detached army served besides giving an excuse for Peck to enjoy an easy billet, and to furnish equally easy billets for a lazy, lounging staff, it would be hard to say.

The reporters canvassed the situation in this view among themselves, and in their talks over their canyons were very severe on the high military dignitaries of the town, but most of them were too shrewd or too well disciplined to venture on expressing an opinion of the same truthful sort in their letters.

There was one reckless youth among them, however, one Clark, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, who undertook to tell the truth about the situation of affairs in a private letter to his managing editor. Of course this letter was intercepted, opened and read by the military authorities. Clark was arrested and sent to the old Capitol prison as a dangerous character of decidedly traitorous proclivities. What bore hardest against him was the fact that he had characterized the chief military authorities as "fossils and sluggards--incompetents and nincompoops." Poor Clark had the devil's own trouble in ridding himself of the odium of this shockingly treasonable expression of opinion. When he did finally squirm out of the clutches of Stanton he had to slink away to Texas on the sly and accompany General Banks on his expedition. Virginia was altogether too hot for a correspondent of such imprudence or such daring.

The rest of us took warning by this and lied at command in our reports of army maneuvers with a facility that some of the writers of that famous campaign have not been able to shake off to this very day. The easy, graceful flow of mendacity which pervades their present editorial work is gloriously reminiscent of those merry days when they were "making history" under the eagle eye of Granny Peck, who was backed with such tyrant ferocity by his dear friend, Stanton. I doubt that a single truth was ever written to the papers from Suffolk. If the historian of the future goes to the files of the papers for his news he will be the worst sold antiquarian on record.

The thought naturally arises, apropos of this state of affairs: Can it be possible that all history is as unreliable as our newspaper records make the history of our Civil War? Are all the heroes of Macaulay and the rest of the historians as big frauds as the small satraps of our army, who forced reputation by stamping out truth and keeping a strong military grip on the throats of reporters? For instance, was Napoleon possibly of the same kind as Peck or Sharpe? Was Frederick the Great only great in proportion as he could force out the truth and propagate the lie? I don't know. It's a toss up either way. I wouldn't bet on the truth of the historian's statements regarding heroes away back. Confidence is very naturally shaken in their veracity, after an experience with the Union army and an acquaintance with its bogus heroes and its false records.

But all things must have an end, and so had the picnic. There came from Washington a warning that the large force at Suffolk should do something for the cause, or at least make a pretense of doing something. There were critics at the Capital who were beginning to sniff at the sinucure position in the field held by favored officers like Peck, and they wanted a chance for their friends. You wouldn't believe how many of these there were--how many people anxious to gain military records for use in after life at the smallest possible risk to life and limb, and, in fact, at no risk at all. Surprising is it too what a proportion of the people who are pluming themselves in civil life as veterans of high command at "the front," managed to get these posts with all the glory and none of the dangers of the tented field.

Among the rest of these shrewdly ambitious ones was Henry Ward Beecher, who made a deafening outcry over his desire and determination to devote a son to the cause of the Union. He got his son "a soft snap"--a staff appointment with a general who was a pet of the administration, and the youngster never heard a bullet whistle.

It was provoking to go home and see chaps like this one giving themselves the airs of heroes, and talking of sieges and battles, and making stump speeches to fire the hearts of poor devils with patriotic fervor.

Wonder how they can sleep, those pretenders, when their dreams must be filled with the shades of wretched beings whom they sent to death by their lying professions of heroism, and their rosy pictures of the pleasure of dying, or of being maimed for one's country. None of these sinucure staff heroes died on the field of glory, I remark. I see them yet in civil life, and they all have either big political berths, and are snugly ensconced in some "colony of vantage" as regards this world's goods. There is none to dispute their high military reputations, for most of those genuine patriots and heroes who might set the world right as to the standing of these pretenders in the times that tried men's souls and pluck are dead on the field and fertilizing the Southern soil that the plowman tortures into perennial harvest.

Such true veterans as live are very poor, or maimed and dependent, and it is not for such as they to turn the world topsy-turvy by seeking to discredit the claims of the generals, colonels, majors and captains who were smart enough to reap glory from the war without gathering any of its wounds or its discomforts. It must be disheartening to these honest and mutilated veterans to note how well the class of pretenders have made their alleged military records pay, while they, acting only on their generous patriotic impulses, have come out the small end of the horn. Doubtless had they their lives to live over and the experience to go through again, they would promptly, to a man, adopt the pretender's policy and keep an eye to the windward for the main chance. But they were not wise enough to foresee all these things; so they must ruefully accept a back seat in their sere and yellow leaf, while the herd of sinucure soldiers fill all the posts of honor and emolument in these "piping times of peace," bearing all the laurels, and scooping in all the profits. Faugh!

Well, about the 15th of May, 1863, Mr. Peck took alarm at these frequent warnings from Stanton, and cast about for something to do.

There was nobody in front of him of any account with whom he could get up a fight. The country was clear of an armed enemy for twenty-five or thirty miles around outside of his lines. It was a common thing for the reporters to go out on trips five miles to the front, scouting for flirtations with the belles of the country. Nothing more serious ever befell them than being occasionally chased in by a straggling guerrilla, who was of the timid love-making sort himself, and who would have taken to his heels himself had there been any decided hostile demonstration made by his enemy. Ruinor had it that a Gen. Jenkins, with a ragged force of infantry, consisting of two skeleton regiments of the enemy's army (invalid soldiers from Richmond) was charged with the duty of scouting the country around Suffolk at short intervals, and it was whispered that Gen. Roger A. Pryor, with a brigade of three thousand effective fighting-men, was encamped somewhere on the Blackwater (a dripping stream called by Virginia courtesy a river), at a point full thirty miles away from Peck's outposts. In this quandary, how was the Union General to get up a fight for his forty thousand men? How make an excuse to account for their alleged effectiveness, and cover himself with more glory?

Pryor wasn't going to hurl his half-starved three thousand against the heavy earthworks with which Peck had covered himself and his dainty staff, and be annihilated in a blaze of glory. Not much. He was too cunning for that, and it wasn't likely he was going to adorn the reports from headquarters in that way on anything short of superhuman inducements and influences. These influences were not attainable. The commanding General could falsify facts, pervert history and accomplish miracles in the way of depositing Truth and setting Mendacity in the Goddess's place, but he couldn't take Providence by the throat. Not much. Nor could Stanton, though he would have liked to, no doubt, and tried very hard.

There was no use in marching out to provoke a battle. Longstreet had gone, and the remnant left to watch the forty thousand weren't likely to be lured into an engagement. To march out in the field was simply to demonstrate that there was no enemy anywhere within striking distance in front, and to prove that Peck's forty thousand were unnecessary in their present position. Then, when this fact became publicly known, what would become of the General and the staff, and the "soft snap," and the palatial headquarters, and the couches of luxury, and the expensive mess with its French cook and its banquet courses? Oh, this wouldn't do. Brains must devise some means of perpetuating the happy state of things. And here is the project that resulted:

It was gravely determined that the enemy being short of railroad iron it would cripple him greatly if our forces could only seize on his railroads, or parts of them, and steal a portion of the rails. There was a section of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad running from Richmond to Weldon, North Carolina, which lay inviting the grasp of Gen. Peck only seventy-five miles away, at Carrsville, Va., and Peck determined to grasp it. He would send out a force of niggers to steal the rails, build a railroad to run the plunder back to Suffolk, and would thus cripple the energies of the rebellion in a vital part.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RAID ON SIN'S TREASURES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An extraordinarily bold and very successful diamond robbery was accomplished by three young men on the night of April 7, in an establishment kept by a Miss Flora Marks, on North Eleventh street, St. Louis. Miss Marks' story is to the effect that the robbery was accomplished by three young men, of whose personal characteristics she could not give a very accurate description. One of the robbers came into the house about midnight and saw a companion of hers. He remained only a little time, went away and returned about 2 o'clock with two friends. As soon as the party had got into the parlor one of the men drew a revolver, and, pointing it at Miss Marks, told her to take off the diamonds she wore. She thought he was joking at first, but the others also pulled revolvers, and a second demand in a sterner manner was made. The two others threatened the other girls. When the girls found that the robbers were in earnest they gave up their jewels and what cash they had on their persons. The robbers then bound them and taking them to the basement made their escape. The girls as soon as they could free themselves, as no one else was in the house, ran out and gave the alarm. No officer came, however, for half an hour, and the robbers escaped. All three were described as young and boyish-looking. One wore a false mustache. They secured three diamond cluster rings, two pairs of diamond ear-rings, diamond bracelets, breast-pins, a gold necklace and a ring, of a total value of over \$2,500.

SAVED BY FIVE MINUTES.

Hair-Breadth Escape of a Woman and Her Children From a Raging Fire.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A little smoked curled out from the upper windows of the St. George's flats, eight stories high, occupied by thirteen families, at 223 and 225 East Seventeenth street, this city, Monday forenoon, April 7, and a moment later a blue-coated boy ran into the street and hurried to the fire-alarm box at Second avenue. He returned and disappeared in the building. Several men ran in after him and ran out again.

"The elevator shaft is on fire," one of them shouted, "and the people in all the upper floors can't get down."

After several minutes a shrill voice sounded high in the air:

"Help! Can't somebody help me? The fire has cut me off!"

Away up under the roof, perched on the stone window-sill of one of the center windows of the upper floor, was Lewis Castaing, the blue-coated elevator boy. Black smoke puffed out of the open window behind him. The boy made a movement as if he were preparing to jump. "Stay there! Wait! Wait till the truck comes," the firemen shouted to the lad. Hook and Ladder 3 tore up and hoisted their combination ladders against the front of the pile. Firemen mounted it one above the other. Flames appeared in the window and the boy wavered. A scaling ladder, a straight pole, with iron brackets projecting for the feet, and a hook at the top, was raised by Fireman Graham. It just reached the boy, and he came down like a squirrel. A dozen persons surrounded the boy as he reached the ground.

Those in the lower part of the structure were soon safely on the sidewalk. But in the seventh story were Mrs. John L. Lockwood and her sick nine-year-old boy, together with two other children and Miss Jennie Walker. The child had just been considered out of danger by the family physician. He was lying on the sofa and his mother was asleep. She was awakened by the terrified voice of the elevator boy, accompanied by a banging at the door. She immediately recognized her situation and picked up her son as if he were a babe.

Then the mother turned to escape, but there was no doorway. Where it had been was a curtain of smoke through which were streaks of fire. She closed the doors and ran to a side window looking down upon St. John the Baptist's Episcopal school. The walls of the flats were bare of fire-escapes, and the only projections were the window-sills. On a level with her were the flames, and over all was a gigantic cloud. Away down below was a mass of people looking upward. From where she stood she could not easily be seen by the firemen or citizens. She held her boy outside to give him air, almost suffocating herself. He was feeble and most dead, but he shouted to the people below. His weak voice was mocked by the roaring flames. Miss Walker and the two Lockwood children had followed Mrs. Lockwood, and all stood in the window calling for help.

The sisters of the parochial school saw the little group and called on the police for help. Policemen Thomas Gilbride, Andrew Bradley, Dennis Murphy and John F. Kelly responded. They mounted to the roof of the school-house, and a twenty-foot ladder was passed up to them. This they set up against the wall of the burning building, resting it on the roof of the school-house. It was too short by several feet. Three of them lifted the ladder to their shoulders. The fourth man, Kelly, ran nimbly up his comrades' backs, and then up the ladder. He lifted out the boy, which the mother forced upon him. Then he took Miss Walker, who had fainted.

The brave mother and her other children were then lowered to safety. Fireman Mooney, of Engine No. 5, who assisted the policemen, was badly burned about the face at the last moment. The Lockwood family were taken out just in time. Five minutes later fire and smoke belched from the window where the five pale faces had been framed.

The elevator boy, who after his escape had gone to rescue Mrs. Lockwood and her children, was now again in great peril, but several brave firemen scaled the walls of the burning structure and saved him. A number of daring firemen were badly burned in rescuing the tenants.

Among the occupants of the house were Miss Kate M. Forsyth, the actress, and her mother and little niece. Miss Forsyth was attending a rehearsal of the play of "Love's Sacrifice" at the New Park theatre when she heard of the fire. She went home immediately, accompanied by Mr. John McCullough. To the first fireman she met she put the question: "Have you saved my things--my wardrobe, my jewels?" The fireman said that little had been saved. She went into a house near by, and came out in a few minutes enveloped in a waterproof. She said she was going into the building to save her wardrobe. The firemen wouldn't let her. Wm. Corby, a member of John McCullough's company, said he would try to save her things. He dashed into the flat, and reappeared soon, carrying a lot of jewelry boxes. A fireman behind him had an armful of scorched and smoked dresses. The boxes were empty. Miss Forsyth declared that all her jewels had been stolen. The boxes had contained, she said, a diamond tiara crown, crescent, cluster sword, and cluster pin, a diamond star with a cat's eye in the center, and numerous rings. Capt. Clinchy sent a policeman to search her rooms. Nothing of value was discovered.

SHE TAKES THE CAKE.

A Woman with Many Aliases who "Fleeced" Some of Her Sister Lambs.

[With Portrait.]

Several fashionably-dressed ladies commiserated with one another Saturday, April 5, in the Tombs Police Court. They were present to hear the examination of Mrs. Carrie E. Morse, who was accused by Mrs. Mary A. Bronk, of 110 East Twenty-fourth street, and Mrs. Mary J. De Witt, of 34 West Twenty-fifth street, this city, of swindling them out of \$500 and \$600 respectively by pretending to speculate in stocks on their account.

Before the proceedings began Detective Von Gerichten arrested Mrs. Morse on a warrant obtained by Miss Helen Wilson, a dressmaker, of 31 Columbia street, Newark, N. J. Miss Wilson charges that she was induced by Mrs. Morse to deposit \$600 as surety for Hattie M. Herder, a friend of the complainant, who

was promised employment by Mrs. Morse, and that Mrs. Morse took the money and disappeared.

Mrs. Bronk testified that on Sept. 18 she gave the defendant \$500, and made a similar deposit on the 28th of that month for use in stock speculation. Mrs. Morse, it was said, bought Michigan Central at 102½ and sold at 96, thereby causing a loss to the complainant of \$343.23.

Mrs. De Witt was examined, but in her affidavit she alleged that in July, 1883, Mrs. Morse, under the name of Mrs. McDowell, rented a room from her at No. 328 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Mrs. De Witt had been left a shoe store in Harlem by her husband, and was induced by Mrs. Morse, so she says, to sell it to dabble in stocks. According to the affidavit Mrs. Morse was to pay \$1,300 worth of complainant's debts in five days, but ended by owing her \$2,000 and leaving her penniless, with five small children, four of whom the mother has been forced to put into an orphan asylum. Mrs. De Witt asserts that several other ladies have been victimized by Mrs. Morse. It was alleged that the prisoner swindled many ladies here, about two years ago, under the name of Marie E. Warren. She then had an office in Union square. It is also said that she has operated largely in Boston as Marion E. McDowell, and in Philadelphia as Marion E. Dow.

The prisoner, in answer to the usual questions, said her name was Carrie E. Morse, that she was thirty-three years old and was born in the British Provinces. She said she lived for a short time at No. 34 West Thirtieth street. She is tall, slightly pockmarked, and has blonde hair.

The counsel for the prisoner attempted to show that Mrs. Bronk had given the money to the prisoner as she would have done to any broker, trusting to her judgment, and that she had lost the money as others do every day in a business transaction. Justice Duffy said that the only two points of the case were: "Had the prisoner obtained money through fraudulent representation, and had she sold out the complainant before the money intrusted to her was used up?" He judged the testimony sufficient to warrant the detention of the prisoner for trial. Bail was fixed at double the amount claimed by all the complainants, which amounts to \$3,400.

A PICTURESQUE PIRATE.

A Famous Desperado of Kissimmee Captured on a River Steamer.

Ralph Willingham, one of the most picturesque ruffians of the South, has been for many years the wealthiest and most desperate cattle-king of South Florida. His career has been wild and checkered, but always successful. His wealth is said to be enormous. Those who know state that he has two huge chests full of shining Spanish doubloons hidden away in one of his fortified cabins in the wilderness.

He is the terror of the region about Kissimmee. Five bloody murders are on his hands, and there was a standing reward of \$2,000 for his delivery to the authorities dead or alive. Of tremendous stature and strength, of dauntless courage, superb presence and princely liberality to his favorites, he has been for years the wonder of the wilderness. On April 6 Willingham and his handsome wife boarded the trading steamer Gertrude, Capt. Pearce, of the Kissimmee river and contributing lakes. Capt. Pearce, who is also a man of iron courage, treated the desperado with civility, and the two sat down to dinner. Willingham suddenly turned to his host and said: "What right have you to fit up and run a trading steamer on this river anyhow?"

"Why can't I do it?" the captain good-humoredly replied. He then went on to say that he had been permitted to do so in peace for a long time, and to end the pending controversy, he rose from the table and stepped out of the saloon. He was about to give some directions to one of the men below, when turning suddenly he beheld the desperado of the Kissimmee standing grimly over him with a huge bowie-knife raised with deadly intent. Capt. Pearce evaded the deadly thrust of the knife and grappled the sinewy pirate, who would no doubt have overcome him but for the prompt and gallant interference of several members of the crew. After a bloody struggle, in which two of the steamer's men were wounded, Willingham, covered with blood and wounds, was disarmed and bound hand and foot. He is said to have faced his captors with a grand scorn and defiance that even his defeat could not subdue.

In the lower part of the boat asleep was Redding Parker, brother-in-law of Willingham and a desperado himself. As soon as Parker learned of Willingham's misfortune he made a desperate effort to effect his release, and it required another fierce struggle before Parker, too, was subdued. Parker then demanded to be allowed to get off the boat, as he was not an outlaw, but permission was refused. Watching his opportunity he evaded his guard, suddenly plunged into the Kissimmee, swam ashore and escaped into the swamp. The Gertrude put on extra steam and made good time to Kissimmee, where Capt. Pearce, with his valuable prisoner, boarded the South Florida train for Orlando, the county seat, to claim his reward of \$2,500, and thus the career of the richest and most desperate of South Florida's cattle desperados is brought to a temporary halt. He confidently asserts that his doubloons will avail to give him back his liberty.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 53, out Saturday, April 12, contains: From sleep to death; The terrible wreck of the steamer Daniel Steinmann; another marine murder running ashore at night amid fog and tempest; desperate struggles for life and hopeless heroism; the scant details of a blood-curdling tragedy; the captain's story; magnificently illustrated from sketches by a survivor. Shoddy to the front; the checkered career of the great Moriarty family; "McMorley's Inflation" in real life; how luck made a rich man out of a bod-carrier, but couldn't turn the family into gentlemen and ladies; a burlesque of fortune at which society snickers. Paris' night prowlers; the *cafés chantant* and their *habitués*; how the can-can is danced with all its trimmings; shamelessness gone mad. Two famous sports; with portraits of Wallace Ross and James Pilkington. Bound to bury him; illustrated. "Toe be or not toe be;" illustrated. A cast-iron dude; the sort of a dandy you don't often meet. Some French models. Ballet secrets. Poker sharps and flats. "On der Square." The Prompter; Emily Rigi. Referee. Prowler. Billboard.

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JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

The Boston Boy at Home and Abroad.

His Early Life and Later Triumphs, and the Good Old Stock He Comes From.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

John L. Sullivan is the son of good old Irish stock. His parents came from Kerry, to seek their fortunes in the new world, and settled near Boston.

The champion was born in Concord street, Roxbury, in the Highlands of Boston, Oct. 15, 1853. He first went to the Primary school, and afterward to Dwight's Grammar school. After school-days he took to baseball playing, and would have become a member of the Boston nine had he not in the meantime proved himself an expert in boxing.

The first pugilist who met Sullivan was Dan Dwyer, whom he whipped in two blows. At this time the young man was digging sewers with his father, who found it difficult to keep him at this work, for he told the old man "He was never born for hardships."

While working in the sewers he first became noted as a fighter, as he whipped all fellow-laborers, including the foreman.

He was induced to appear at boxing matches in Boston, and found there was an especial pleasure afforded him by this form of sport. He set-to on the platforms in these exhibitions, and soon had given the ordinary run of boxers such a taste of his quality that no one would set-to with him.

Then he appeared with his side partner, Johnny Murphy. Every time he appeared improvement was noted in him, and the sporting houses hummed again with speculations as to what would be the future of so promising a lad. There were several wise ones, who had no hesitation in making early predictions that the young man would attain the highest point and become the champion of the prize ring.

Among these wise prophets were Jim Keenan and Tom Earley, and several of the frequenters of their sporting resorts. He issued no challenges up to this time, and acted very modestly, indeed, keeping in the background, and making no sound or sign in the grand turmoil of the champions who were flinging challenges around and howling defiance at each other through the columns of the press. While the noisy, fighting element was raising this hullabaloo, and tugging away at the champion honors, and chattering, chaffing, growling and wrangling over their rights to the laurels, they had no idea that there was a sturdy youngster lying *perdu* who was destined to start up shortly, a young Hercules, to pluck them all at one swoop.

During this time he put on the gloves with Joe Goss, who gave the coming champion, who was then only eighteen years old, a tough job; but Sullivan was more successful with Steve Taylor and other noted pugilists.

In December, 1880, he met Prof. John Donaldson at a boxing exhibition at Cincinnati and sparred. Sullivan's extraordinary strength and wonderful quickness were made apparent at the start, and Donaldson wisely kept out of his way as much as possible. Sullivan has a terrible right mawley, and Donaldson had a very respectful regard for it. Once Sullivan caught him as he was getting away, and over went Donaldson on his beam ends, to the intense delight of the boys. After three rounds Donaldson wanted to quit, and pulled off his gloves despite the cries of the audience, who, like Oliver Twist, wanted "more." He said he was sick and not in condition to spar, but he was finally induced to go on just once more. Sullivan went at him again like a flash, and had it all his own way to the end. The bout created great excitement, and Donaldson, not satisfied, challenged Sullivan to fight with hard gloves for \$500. Sullivan accepted, and a match was arranged. The pugilists fought (with gloves) for a purse on Dec. 23, 1881, in a room in Cincinnati. Dan Crutcheley and Abe Smith, of New York, seconded Donaldson, while Jack Moran and Tom Ryan seconded Sullivan. Patrick Murphy was referee. The battle was a one-sided affair. Donaldson was whipped from the word go. Nevertheless he managed to make the battle last by running all over the ring to avoid Sullivan's terrific blows. The fight lasted through ten rounds, when Donaldson was knocked out of time. This victory gained him quite a reputation. He had proved to his own satisfaction as well as to that of all observers that he could fight, and he also found out that he could strike a blow hard enough to knock down a mule, which was something only a few of his friends knew.

His first hard-glove fight was with John Flood, a heavy-weight local boxer of New York. The battle was fought on May 16, 1881, on a barge, which had been towed up the Hudson river nearly opposite Yonkers, N. Y. All the leading New York and Boston sporting men assembled to witness the "mill." The fight was for a purse of \$1,000.

Sullivan completely used up Flood in eight rounds. Sullivan quit the ring as fresh as when he entered it, but Flood had to be carried out. The blood was spurting from his wounded ear and one side of his face was badly swollen. As they put him in bed in the cabin he retched badly, and some excitement was caused by a report put in circulation that he was dying. After an hour, however, he was on deck, and explained his defeat by saying that he had eaten too much supper. Shortly after the fight Al. Smith passed around the hat and collected \$98 for the loser. Of this Sullivan contributed \$10.

This fight firmly established his reputation, and since then he has been invincible. His great battle with Paddy Ryan took place at Mississippi City, near New Orleans, on Feb. 7, 1882. The details of this fight have been too often described in the POLICE GAZETTE to need repetition here.

Sullivan is a member of the Crib Club, of Boston, the most high-toned athletic organization in the cultured City.

The champion's private residence is at 4 Lovering place. A big silver plate on the door bears the name "Sullivan." The house is furnished in good style, full of sporting pictures and costly presents from his admirers. It is here that Mrs. J. L. Sullivan lives. She became so tired of traveling through the country that she left her husband at San Francisco and returned home with his brother Michael. She lately said to a POLICE GAZETTE reporter:

"John is very anxious to get home also. He thinks there is no place like Boston. He will no doubt go to

Europe in summer or fall, after a little rest. Al. Smith, his manager, has been delighted with the success, as they have been making big money at all points where they stopped."

Michael Sullivan, the father of the pugilist, is not more than 5 feet 4 inches in height. He is a hard-working man, doing 12 hours labor daily, just the same as before his son became famous. He is more anxious to have John at home than the money he is making on his sparring tour. He is a very good son, however, to the old man.

Sullivan looks much like his mother in appearance, of which she is very proud. She is rather a large, stout woman who thinks the world of her son John. She said:

"I never wanted him to become a fighter, out intended him for something better. We would have sent him to college if he had only been willing."

Sullivan is also very kind to his mother. Recently he sent her home \$5,000 as a present. She is very anxious for him to give up the prize ring and settle down near her in Boston.

Sergeant Daly, of the Second precinct, Boston, said: "Sullivan is a very peaceful man at home, and only got in trouble with our officers once when he was tormented by a man, and he struck him, breaking his jaw, which he afterward paid for. He is thought well of here by all, and has many good friends among the upper classes, who will give him anything he asks for."

A NOVEL SUICIDE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Suspicion having been aroused as to the whereabouts of Albert Zahn, a dealer in electrical instruments at No. 105 South Second street, Philadelphia, his office was forcibly entered April 2 by Reserve Officer Walton. The body of the electrician was found hanging over a stairway within his rooms, showing that he had deliberately committed suicide. He left no letters or papers to show the cause for taking his life. On his person were found three one-hundred-dollar bills and two watches, one of them silver and the other nickel. The last time Zahn was seen was a week ago Sunday. To accomplish his designs of hanging he placed a ladder across the well-hole at the top of the flight of stairs. Then, fastening a rope around his neck, he climbed up on the ladder and there fastened to his feet an anvil weighing about fifty pounds, and swung off. When found his neck was considerably stretched. Zahn is supposed to be a Swiss. He was apparently a good business man, and he lived in his office alone, having his own cooking-stove and utensils, with other furniture, in his room, divided off from the office proper.

FREEZING HIM OUT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Herman Dieckhoff's saloon at Barclay street and College place, New York, a few evenings ago, the proprietor wagered \$5 with George Gardner, an employee in a Barclay street store, that he could hold in his hands a lump of ice longer than Gardner. Each placed it in Deputy United States Marshal George Brooks' hands, and the two then sat down opposite each other with lumps of ice weighing four pounds. They kept their blood warm with drinks from the bar administered by the barkeeper's hands.

Brooks and two friends, Edward Liedman and Charles Sauter, meanwhile slid out of the saloon and up to the Astor House, where \$9.75 was spent in champagne and cigars, consumed on the spot. When the Brooks party returned to the saloon Gardner's ice had entirely melted, and Dieckhoff's piece was as big as a walnut.

"All right, take the money," said the proprietor wiping his smarting hands; "I give it up."

Brooks laid down a silver quarter, and there was a tableau.

CLUBBED TO DEATH BY A CITY MARSHAL.

Late Sunday night, April 6, a man named John Cowles was parading the streets of Shreve, near Wooster, Ohio, in a drunken condition, making the night hideous with his yells. City Marshal Niman took him to the lock-up, which had been vacated a few hours before by a couple of unclean tramps. Cowles was sober enough to realize where he was being placed, and stoutly resisted arrest. He fought Niman desperately, who finally drew his club and struck him three terrible blows on the head. The first blow knocked him senseless, and the remaining blows were administered while the prisoner was lying prostrate.

A crowd collected, among the spectators being a brother of Cowles and a number of his friends. The marshal ordered the brother to take Cowles home, where he died a few hours later. Friends of Cowles followed Niman and threatened to lynch him. While the crowd went in search of a rope the marshal was hurried into a carriage, taken to Wooster and lodged in jail. He is charged with murder in the first degree. It is said another attempt will be made to lynch Niman.

HE FOUND AN EMPTY HOUSE.

In a Chicago court, the other day, a whole lot of Polish Jews testified in the case of Joseph Sallett against Esther Sallett, for desertion. Joseph's version of his domestic cataclysm was quite dramatic. "I deals in second-hand gloddings, and one day I comes home and I haf a pack of glodes on my pack, and I vas hungry, and thought I'd find my dinner ready. Der shore vas empty, and der second-hand glodes vas gone, and my money vas gone, and my furniture vas gone, and my life vas gone. She had sold it all before hand. I found a empty house. She took my four shilders along—Kate and Michael and Shoseph and Shakob. Your honor, shudge, sir—she do everydings to me she could. Look at dis finger," exhibiting the middle finger of his right hand, bent and contracted—"she done dot."

It appeared also that she afterward put her children in the asylum in New York, and that she had deserted him and her children before. Jacob Barnett and Abe Kalish, two Hebrews, peddlers by profession, sustained Sallett in his charges.

BETRAYAL, DESERTION AND DEATH.

Two girls, daughters of respected families in Corry, Pa., met tragic deaths recently. Bertha Mards, betrayed and deserted and afterward abused by her family, died in convulsions after giving birth to a child. Miss Lizzie Abbott, a friend to Miss Bertha, who was also a victim of man's perfidy, on hearing of her friend's death, took strychnine and, in her dying statement, gave the name of Wm. Spencer, a commercial man, as her destroyer. Spencer has been arrested.

WRESTLING AND BUTTING.

The Great Contest Between Duncan C. Ross and Matsada Sorakichi, at Cleveland, Ohio.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The great wrestling match between Duncan C. Ross and Matsada Sorakichi, the "Police Gazette" Japanese champion wrestler, for \$500 a side and two-thirds of the gate money, was contested at Armory Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday, April 8.

When Ross made his appearance he was greeted enthusiastically, bowed, and divesting himself of his coat, showed his superb form clad in pure white tights and black trunks.

Fifty seconds after Ross had appeared, a tuft of straight, black hair bobbed toward the platform, and Matsada Sorakichi showed up under the tuft when the crowd opened to let it through. He looked as calm, good-tempered and healthy as an Irish emigrant lass, and sturmiest W. E. Harding, of the POLICE GAZETTE, followed him.

Mr. Tom Curry, the noted sporting man of Cleveland, had been chosen referee by Richard K. Fox, and he decided that the athletes should toss for the choice of wrestling for the first bout. Ross won, and catch-as-catch-can was decided on. Andre Christol, of Toledo, was umpire for Ross, and Wm. E. Harding for Sorakichi.

FIRST BOUT.—On time being called the Japanese sprang back and forward as if a rubber was on him, and rushed fiercely at Ross with hair erect and eyes blazing. A transformation seemed to have come over the child of the East, and the change from sweetness to fury may account for his professional name, "The Cyclone of Japan." He pulled Ross down, rushed him along to the ropes, and he went off the stage in 20 seconds. The Jap did not want the Scot on that platform, and when Ross tried to remount it for his work he was pushed back on the floor. Ross was on the defensive and tried to pin the Jap's neck in one of his favorite locks, but the Oriental did not regard these tactics as healthy ones and wriggled out of the neck-locks as fast as they were made. Then Matsada led Duncan up, only to butt him off the stage. Ross came on again in a determined way, rushed at Matsada, drove him down, put a neck-lock on him, and by a rolling hip-lock lay the fiery gentleman on the broad of his back, amid a storm of applause which lasted as long as had the bout—3 minutes.

After resting twenty minutes, the rival athletes again came to the scratch to wrestle Japanese rules. Two long belts, one of blue and one of party-colored webbing, were produced. The Jap took the blue one, dexterously twisted it around his waist and hams, and tied it in a knot at his back. Curry, Christol and Duncan C. Ross tried to get the belt on Duncan C. Ross, but none could do it. Finally the Jap was called to tie it on, and he did it as neatly as he had tied on his own. Ross glancing suspiciously at him during the tying. Then the men sat down. Referee Curry looked as if he expected a surprise, the audience looked expectant, and all looked at the Jap. Curry then called time, and Sorakichi jumped up and came half way from his corner. Ross held out his hand, but in an instant Matsada put down his head, ran sharply over to Ross, butted him in the right ribs, 207 pounds of Scotch brawn was on the carpet, a roar went up from the audience, two arms belonging to the Jap went up in the air, a hissing chuckle came from a pair of Japanese lips, and Referee Curry shouted "Fall."

Ross crouched on his knees, Matsada went to the corner, waving his arms and chuckling, and the bout was over. Ross didn't understand it, he said, and when asked how he felt said the Jap had returned his offer to shake hands with a full-jeweled butt. But it was a fall all the same, and a complaint of pain from Ross caused Christol to examine him, and one of his lower ribs was found to be broken. He grinned and bore the pain, and said, grimly: "That's funny wrestling. But I shake hands no more with that feller."

Then he waited for the next bout.

THIRD BOUT.—The excitement was intense when the athletes came up to the scratch. Ross was suffering from a bruised forehead, a cut head and a broken rib. He asked the referee to instruct Matsada not to butt, but the latter only displayed his teeth and smiled savagely. Then time was called. Matsada rushed at Ross, but stopped before clinching, and the men crouched and watched each other for a brace of seconds. Then the Jap rushed in with head down, was avoided, caught by the neck, and both men went down, Ross turning as he went; "Matty" tugged and sought to "Nelson" Ross, and a pair of turns with a mixture of arms and legs brought out a claim from Harding of a fall for his *protege*. Ross had turned, and his points had been down only in rolling.

Intense excitement prevailed, but the referee refused to give the fall. Matsada grew fiercer, and on a motion from his umpire he ran at Ross, butted him heavily with a hiss and a grunt, but when Ross went down his face was to the stage. Matsada crouched over him, and grasped Ross' leg, and drew him over to the northwest corner. There he reached down too low, and Ross caught his head, and by a neck-lock pulled him over his back, and rolled the Jap over flat on his own back, with four points down. The bout had lasted five minutes. The Jap got up, with blazing eyes, and his hair in a cloud, protesting.

The fourth bout was Japanese style, and it was the most desperate struggle ever witnessed. Sorakichi had been instructed in Japanese dialect to butt Ross out, having been informed that the latter was to try the same game. On the men facing each other, Ross' rib, which had been broken in the first rally, gave him great pain. Sorakichi had also been injured, and he was complaining of the dense tobacco smoke. On time being called, Sorakichi rushed at Ross, head down, and both butted each other. Ross' head went like a battering-ram against Matsada's nose, the blood flew, and he snorted and then went at Ross like a tiger, and they butted away until Ross struck him square on the "mark." It was a blow propelled by 207 pounds and made the Japanese stagger, and change color again. Matsada lowered his head four times, and each time rushed at Ross. Duncan was very wary and avoided the force of each. Then he began to butt in return, and, rushing at Sorakichi, gave him a resounding blow with his head square on the belt. "Matty" staggered and Duncan gave him another drive in the ribs, but as he did so put his hand on the stage. An instant after Ross touched, Matsada went down with a thud, but the fall was given against Ross, and the contest stood two falls each.

It was now necessary to decide whether the final bout should be catch-as-catch-can or Japanese style. Just then Matsada said "sick" and pointed to his stomach, where Ross had butted him with such ter-

rific force. He was at once taken to his dressing-room and medical aid sent for. Matsada suffered terrible pain, and it was announced that he would not be able to wrestle any longer. The referee declared Ross the winner, and when Sorakichi heard it he said Ross "no win." The affair was managed by a representative of Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, and was a grand success.

BLOODSHED ABOVE THE CATARACT.

A Man Kills his Brother-in-law and then Leaps into the Roaring Torrents.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A picturesque spot amid weird surroundings on Luna Island, near the brink of the American Falls, Niagara, was the scene, Wednesday night, April 9, of a mysterious double tragedy. Thomas Vedder, a wealthy citizen of Suspension Bridge, shot and killed his brother-in-law, Van R. Pierson, of the same place, and then walked off the icy bank into the cataract. The scene of the tragedy is at the extreme edge of the abyss, where the terrific current pours over the falls. The small island is much below Goat Island, and is reached by walking down a long flight of steps and crossing a bridge. The surface is covered with snow and half-melted ice, the protecting railings at the edge being nearly buried in snow. The icy spray blowing over on to the stunted trees freezes as it falls. Altogether, it is not the place where men go for amusement, or to have a friendly talk about their troubles.

Vedder, the wealthiest man in the place, and Pierson, went out to drive at 5 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon. Pierson did not seem disposed to go, and Vedder urged him to accompany him. They drove from Suspension Bridge to Niagara Falls, and at 6 o'clock went on Goat Island. The gate-keeper who let them through is the last man who saw them alive, and he noticed nothing unusual about either of the two men. Vedder had promised to be home for supper at 8 o'clock, and as he was punctual in his habits his absence excited some comment. At about 10 o'clock his brother, James Vedder, with whom he lived, and Howard Pierson, son of Vedder's companion, became much alarmed, and scoured the village and Niagara Falls for the missing men. Toward midnight they ascertained that the two had gone on Goat Island. The gate was closed at 7 o'clock, but they aroused the gate-keeper, and ascertained that they had not returned. Policemen Burns and Roland were then summoned, and began a search of the island. Lighting their dark-lanterns they traversed the muddy roads until they reached the northern promontory, where Vedder's horse was found tied to a tree and coated with ice. The spray had fallen for hours on the animal, and when he was released he could hardly move. The policemen, closely followed by the other searchers, went down on to Luna Island, and close to the brink Burns saw two dark objects in the snow. The first was Pierson's body. The head was covered with blood, which had flowed from two ugly pistol wounds. Burns felt of one of the cold hands and shouted back:

"I've found him; here's Vedder."

Howard Pierson came running up and looking at the ghastly face revealed by the light of the dark-lantern, burst into tears as he cried:

"No, it's father."

He tried to throw himself on the dead body, but was led away by the policemen. Vedder's brother came up just then, but was not allowed to see the corpse.

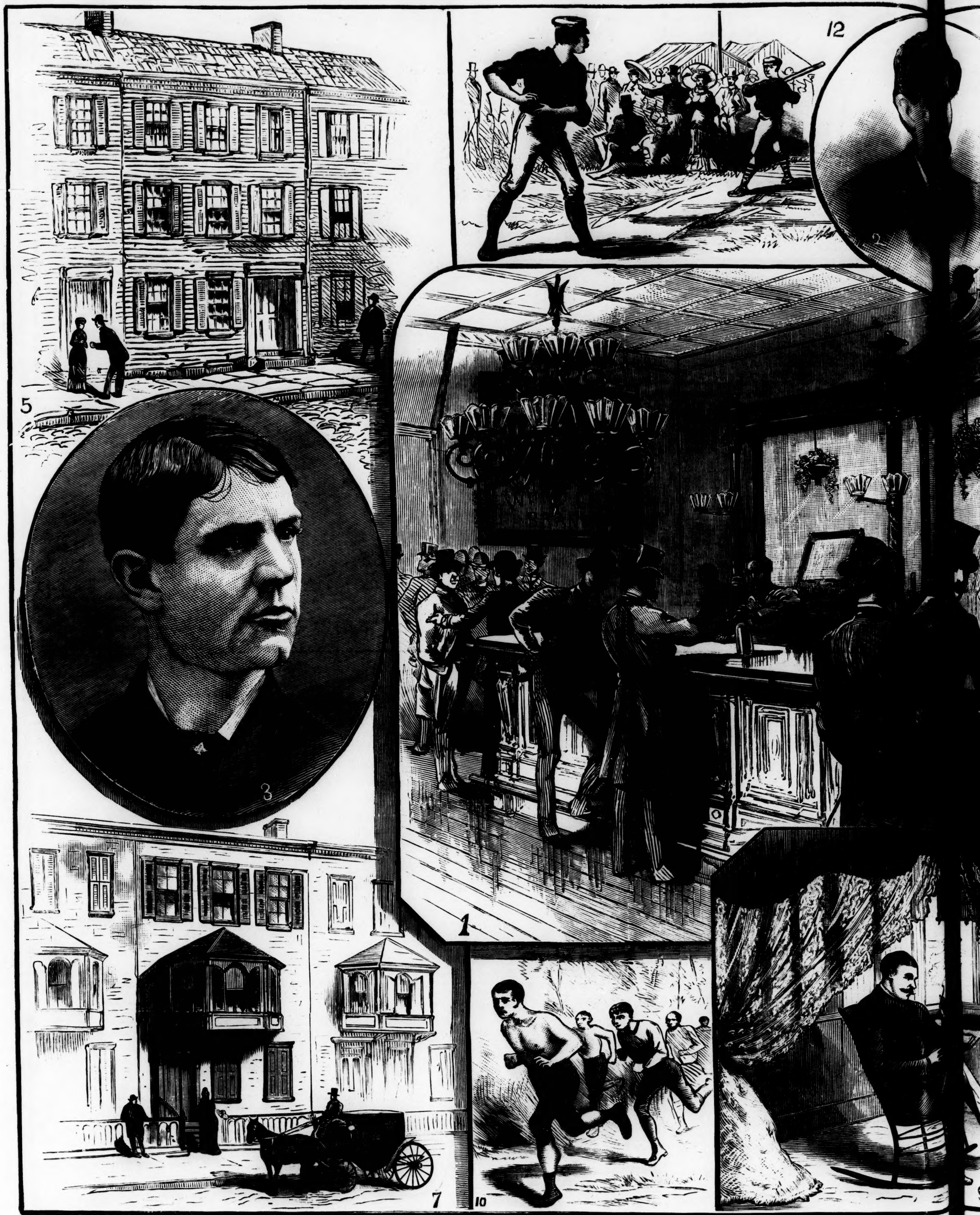
The policemen resumed the search and near the body found Vedder's overcoat, undercoat and scarf neatly piled up, with the vest beneath them and his hat on top. Tracks led from the clothes into the river at the edge of the cataract. There were no return footprints, and it was plain that, after Vedder had killed Pierson, he had walked deliberately into the falls. Whether he was seized by remorse, or made insane by the events of the night, the weird surroundings or the roar of the waters can never be known. There was no robbery, for Pierson's watch and money were in his pockets, and there was money in Vedder's vest. No indications of a struggle were visible. Pierson's face wore a peaceful expression. His arms were thrown back naturally, his hands were not clenched, and the physicians say that death must have been instantaneous. The revolver was not found, and as one of the shots could never have been fired by Pierson, there is no basis for the theory that he killed himself.

Pierson was married to Vedder's sister. His first wife was also Vedder's sister. He leaves a wife and four children. They live on Maine street next door to Vedder's house, which is one of the largest and finest in the place. Pierson was cashier of the New York Central Railroad, a position he had held for twenty-six years, ever since the road was started. He has been regarded as a sort of mild crank for two years past. He had been very "unruly" for the last few weeks. He drank hard and was suspended by the railroad company, but last week his bonds secured his reinstatement. Pierson was proud, and refused to return to work. His friends contemplated having him sent to an asylum for the insane. Before the fatal drive, Vedder and Pierson's wife were seen driving at Suspension Bridge. Pierson was about forty-eight years old, of medium height, and wore a full black beard.

Thomas Vedder was unmarried and was worth \$250,000. He had been a partner of his brother James a score of years in the wholesale grocery business. They lived together in an elegant residence on Lockport street, Suspension Bridge. An unmarried sister, Catharine, and their mother live in the same house. Vedder was tall, as straight as an arrow, and of dark complexion. He wore a full black beard, tinged with gray. He was about fifty-two years old. People who knew Vedder say they do not think he would harm any one. The body of Vedder has not been found. It is probably beneath the Cave of the Winds, which cannot now be reached on account of the ice, except by a rope, and none of the guides were willing to make the venture.

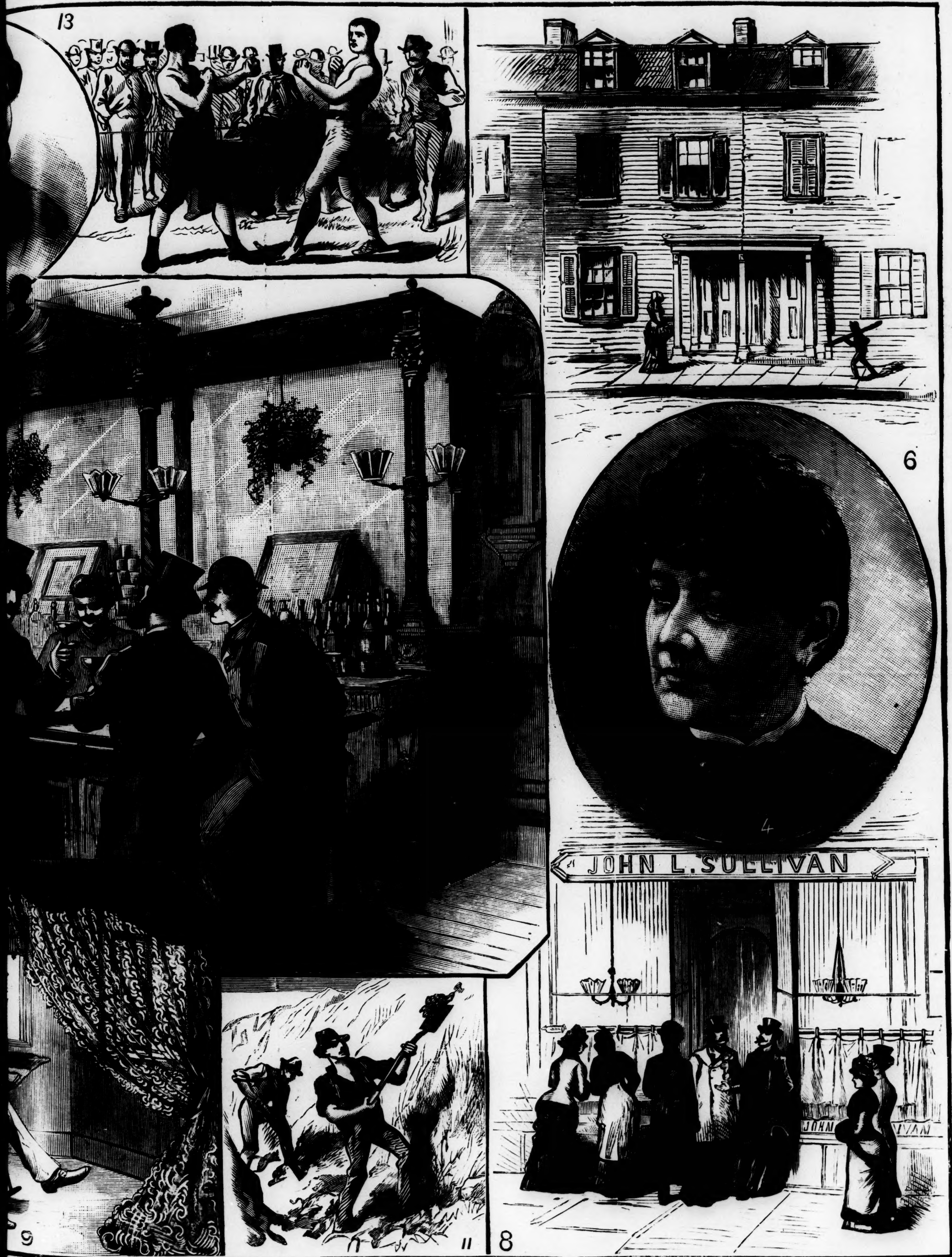
One theory suggested by this terrible tragedy points to premeditation on the part of one or both parties. Another theory is that both intended to commit suicide, because they had often been seen standing together on the Cantilever bridge looking at the roaring torrents as if contemplating a leap into eternity.

Still another theory is that an altercation arose between the parties, and that Vedder shot Pierson in the heat of passion and then committed suicide after realizing what he had done. From all the circumstances, however, it is evident that Mr. Vedder did the shooting, for if Pierson had fired the shots the weapon would have been found. As it is now, no revolver has been discovered, and the last shot must have caused instantaneous death.



JOHN L. SULLIVAN, FROM HIS PLACES, PEOPLE AND SCENES IN THE "BOSTON BOY'S" CAREER, FROM

I—BAR-ROOM OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S PALACE SALOON, 714 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. II—MICHAEL SULLIVAN, THE FATHER OF THE CHAMPION. III—MICHAEL SULLIVAN, THE FATHER OF THE CHAMPION. IV—MICHAEL SULLIVAN, THE FATHER OF THE CHAMPION. V—RESIDENCE OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN, LOVERING PLACE, BOSTON. VI—EXTERIOR OF SULLIVAN'S SALOON, WASHINGTON STREET. VII—THE CHAMPION AT HIS



ADLE TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

CHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE "POLICE GAZETTE.

LIVAN. IV-MRS. JOHN L. SULLIVAN. V-SULLIVAN'S BIRTHPLACE, CONCORD STREET, ROXBURY. VI-THE HOME OF SULLIVAN'S PARENTS NO. 8 PARNELL STREET, WINNING A RECORD AS A RUNNER. XI-EARLY EFFORTS WITH A PICK AND SHOVEL. XII-KNOCKING THEM OUT AT BASEBALL. XIII-THE CHAMPION OF THE RING.

THE PRIZE RING.

More Blow in Print Than Blows in the Fistic Arena.

The Chances of a Fight Between Sullivan and Thompson—The Coming Meeting of Mitchell and Sheriff.

We expected, in this issue, to announce that the proposed prize fight for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, between John L. Sullivan and Mervine Thompson, was ratified. We supposed that, after Duncan C. Ross, the backer of Mervine Thompson, forwarded \$2,500 and articles of agreement for Sullivan to sign, the match would have been arranged. Although Ross put up his money and agreed to arrange a match on any terms that were equal and fair, Sullivan's backer has not covered the \$2,500 posted or agreed to sign the articles of agreement. It appears strange that Al. Smith, Sullivan's backer, should miss such a grand opportunity to arrange a match for a good round stake. It is all very well for Smith and Sullivan to say they will do this and do that, but saying is not doing. Ross backs up his statements with money, and at the present he has by far the best of the argument. If Al. Smith would cover the \$2,500 that Ross has posted and make proposals to arrange the match, the sporting public would believe that he was in earnest, and that Sullivan would fight Thompson. Any pugilist may challenge another to fight for the championship, and his challenge should be entertained and accepted, providing it is bona fide and backed up by a deposit. If Ross had issued a challenge on behalf of Thompson, and did not put up any money, then Al. Smith would have been in order to claim that Thompson did not mean business, and announce that Sullivan could beat him in one round. Now, if Sullivan could defeat Thompson in one round, one would suppose he would have at once made the match, for what pugilist, or backer of a pugilist, would for a moment hesitate in arranging a match for \$5,000 in which it would only take at least five minutes to win? It is our opinion that neither Sullivan nor Al. Smith are very eager to clinch the proposed match. We understand that Al. Smith claims that Sullivan would not agree to the conditions of the articles that Ross has drafted out for Sullivan to sign, because Ross proposes that Richard K. Fox shall be final stakeholder. Now it is more than likely that Ross is well aware that many an important match has been broken off and a prize fight fallen through by the failure of the pugilists to agree upon a final stakeholder. Ross probably had a vision of Collier Station, West Virginia, date, July 15, 1872, when Jim Mace, champion of England, and Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, met in the ring and failed to agree upon a referee.

Ross is not in any way anxious to put the Cleveland Thunderbolt in training for ninety days and then risk the chances of the match falling through by a stakeholder not being agreed upon, or a referee not chosen. This is why Ross is so anxious that Richard K. Fox should hold the stakes and select a referee if that official is not chosen at the ring side. There are few sporting men who would object to our holding the stakes. We have held thousands of dollars, and after receiving the referee's decision (no matter whether a protest had been lodged or not) handed the stakes over to the winner.

If Sullivan and Thompson were matched to fight tomorrow, and Sullivan was declared the winner, we should, on receiving a written decision from the referee, pay the stakes, no matter if Ross ordered us not to do so. Again, we have heard it reported that both Sullivan and his backer claim that we are putting up the \$2,500 for Duncan C. Ross, and that the latter could not afford to wager that amount.

If Al. Smith did make such a statement, he must have been drawing considerably upon his imagination. We have no more interest in the Cleveland Thunderbolt than in any other pugilist. We have no favorites; we play none, and are not backing any, nor at present have we any desire to do so. If we did feel disposed to put up \$2,500 for any man to engage in a prize ring encounter with Sullivan we should not for a moment hesitate in announcing that fact, and we would not care who knew it. In regard to Duncan C. Ross not having \$2,500 to spare, we have not the least doubt but that Ross will wager a few hundred that he has five times the amount he proposes to wager. One thing is certain, Sullivan claims to be the champion pugilist of the world. He earned that title and is deserving of it, and no one can dispute the claim. It is always customary for a champion to meet all comers and defend the title. Thompson has challenged Sullivan to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, which rules, and none others, govern the championship of America. Thompson's deft cannot be questioned or repudiated, because it is backed up with a deposit. Sullivan can either accept it or refuse to do so. If he fails to agree to meet Thompson, then he can no longer claim the title, and whether he will do so remains to be seen. Sporting men all over the world are patiently waiting to see whether Sullivan's backer will cover the money Ross has posted or not, and, as the matter stands at present, Thompson has the best of the argument. Few sporting men believe Thompson can defeat Sullivan, but in Cleveland, Buffalo and Detroit there are plenty ready to speculate that the Cleveland Thunderbolt can conquer the champion. If Sullivan should agree to enter the arena and engage in a contest with Thompson with bare knuckles, the match would create a furor, and thousands of dollars would be wagered on the result. Thompson is eager to fight, Ross is ready to back him, and all that is necessary to arrange the match is for Sullivan's backer to put up his share of the stakes. We have received the following card from Duncan C. Ross in regard to the proposed match:

171 ONTARIO STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO, }
April 7, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—Sullivan claims to be the champion pugilist of the world, and yet he refuses to fight Mervine Thompson. Sullivan and his backer, Al. Smith, make loud boastings what they will and what they will not do, but they fail to cover the \$2,500 I have posted with the POLICE GAZETTE. It is no use of Sullivan talking or proposing to fight with gloves. He won the championship by engaging in a contest with bare knuckles, according to London prize ring rules, and these are the conditions, and the only ones, that I will allow Thompson to fight by. Sullivan has never faced a pugilist who can hit as hard and stand punishment as I am sure Thompson

can. Nearly all the pugilists Sullivan has met, except Charley Mitchell, did not know how to fight, or were beaten by fright before they entered the ring. Thompson is not one of that class. He is heavier than Sullivan, stronger, can lift more, and will stand more punishment. There is plenty of money behind him in Cleveland independent of the amount I am willing to wager, and if Sullivan can beat him he can win a barrel of money outside the stakes. The sporting public want to see the match made. Thompson is ready to fight, and Sullivan will not hesitate in arranging a match if he is not afraid of either losing the championship or being beaten by Thompson. I now call upon Sullivan to put up or weaken. You may hold the \$2,500 I recently forwarded you, as stakes to match Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, until May 1. On that date I will, with Thompson, meet Sullivan or his backer, Al. Smith, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, to sign articles of agreement and arrange the preliminaries for the fight. If Sullivan fails to appear and cover my money, I shall then claim for Thompson the championship, which every fair-minded sporting man will know he will be entitled to. I will then match him to fight all comers. Every one here is of the opinion that Sullivan is afraid to fight Thompson. I will make him fight Thompson, or prove he is afraid to do so.

Sporting men appear to be divided in their opinions relative to the pugilistic abilities of Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, and Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian. Many insist that Mitchell has no equal in the world except Sullivan, and that Sheriff would be no match for him. Sporting men of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and many in New York and Brooklyn, claim that Sheriff could conquer Mitchell, and they stand ready to back their opinion. Arthur Chambers, of the Champions' Rest, in Philadelphia, who sent to England for Sheriff, is confident that his protegee can defeat Mitchell, and he is ready to wager \$1,000 to back his opinion. The sporting public is eager to see the pugilists meet to settle the mooted question. Both men are equally confident of victory. One thing is certain, Mitchell is 20 per cent. a better pugilist at the present time than when he was here last year. He is more matured, taller and heavier. He claims when he met the Prussian, at Flushing, L. I., he was in no condition to fight, and that Billy Madden and Hen Close, the boniface of the hotel at Rockaway where he trained, wanted him to postpone the meeting, but he was confident that he could beat the Prussian if only half well, and refused to postpone the meeting and disappoint the public. Now, if Mitchell was "off" the day he fought Sheriff, as he claims, then all we have to say is that when he next meets Sheriff he will defeat him, for he will no doubt come to the scratch in condition. No one, however, must make the mistake of supposing that Sheriff is not a clever, game, scientific pugilist, for he is a punisher and his gameness cannot be questioned. The only trouble is he is on the wane, and no match for a pugilist who is as clever and has youth on his side. We may be wrong, but we think that when Sheriff and Mitchell meet, the question of supremacy will not be decided without a determined battle.

John L. Sullivan, in writing to a friend about Thompson, says: "You can take this chump Thompson's bulk away from him and there's nothing left. He ain't got no more heart than a calf. He's a big blab—the biggest of all the big blabs I ever had the bad luck to run against. All this talk about a swelled hand is a put-up job. He's afraid to fight me, and he knows it. I understand that certain people are circulating reports about me because I am off here in the wilds, for the purpose of damaging my reputation. The fakirs that are doing this wouldn't dare come where I am, nor would they stay at any place long enough for me to catch them. I know there's a gang that would like to see me downed, and I'll bet \$5,000 that I can whip the gang—the whole mob at once. As for Thompson, he's no good. He's a big nothing, and I want him to know that I said so. If his backer is ever able to pump enough rum into him to give him the nerve to face me I'll break him up quicker than any man I ever met. If it's going to be a knuckle fight so much the better. I've got an idea that it won't last so long, and it will teach this fellow to stick to his legitimate business after this. Breaking stones is his line—not heads. As for Duncan Ross talking about wrestling, all I got to say is that he and his big stiff put together can't throw me in a year. If Thompson's hand was ten times the size it is now it wouldn't be a patch to what his head will be when I get my work in on it. I've got \$50,000 that says I win in two rounds, and Pat Sheedy has got as much more. Let the talkers chew that. I'm going to make them put up or shut up."

NEW YORK, April 9, 1884.

Articles of Agreement, entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office, this 9th day of April, 1884, between Hial H. Stoddard, of Syracuse, N. Y., and John Magner, of this city.

The said Hial H. Stoddard and the said John Magner, do hereby agree to box six rounds according to the "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules, within three weeks from date above named, the match to take place in a hall in this city to be mutually agreed upon. The men to be on the stage between the hours of 8 and 9 P. M., the man absent to forfeit the stake money.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) aside is now deposited in the hands of Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder, who will appoint the referee.

The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or fairly won or lost, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place for giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names:

Witness: JAMES C. DALY, for JOHN MAGNER.

E. F. MALLAHAN, HIAL H. STODDARD.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on April 3, Mervine Thompson figured in a new role. He was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Kate Powers, who charges him with being the father of her new-born child. He gave bail for his appearance on April 12. The girl's story of her wrongs is an affecting one as she related it to Justice Hart. She says that some time ago she was introduced to Thompson by Charley Laug, another local "wonder" in the slugging line, and since that time she had received Thompson's attentions. After a short time, she says, he betrayed her under a promise of marriage, and they went to live together. Thompson went to Canada, leaving the girl here, and on his return refused to marry her. The proprietors of the Ontario House, where they boarded, suspecting something was wrong, asked to see her marriage certificate, and as she had none, she was turned into the street. Her friends refusing to see her, she wrote to Thompson,

son, but he did not reply. She called at Thompson's house, but did not see him. She wrote to Thompson and asked for a meeting. He finally came and gave her \$2, but refused to marry her. Becoming daily more desperate over her condition, she at last decided to have Thompson arrested.

The first glove contest that Mervine Thompson will engage in will be with Hial H. Stoddard, the Syracuse Wonder. It is not certain where the contest will take place, but probably it will be decided in the Garden City.

Morris Grant, the original colored heavy-weight champion pugilist of America, will be tendered an exhibition at Germania Assembly Rooms, corner of Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, on April 23. All the champion boxers will attend.

Jim Mace, the ex-champion of the world, will return to this country probably the last week in this month or the first week in May. It is understood that Fred Collier is coming with Mace, and the latter expects Collier will be a match for any one.

Tom Sullivan, the pugilist, cannot be a relation of the champion pugilist. He visited Billy Madden's recently, and offered to box anybody for \$100. Billy Madden, not believing Sullivan was any good, agreed to put John Dempsey against him. The battle was fought, and in the second round Dempsey knocked him out.

Johnny Reilly, the noted New York pugilist, left New York on April 5, en route to New Orleans, to box with the Sullivan combination. He will box with Steve Taylor.

On May 19 Duncan McDonald and Pete McCoy are to fight for \$1,000 a side, at Butte City, Montana.

Prof. Wm. Miller, the noted pugilist, who is to box John L. Sullivan, will be one of the heroes of the arena when he returns in this country. He is a powerful specimen of humanity. He weighs, trained, 192 pounds. He stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and measures 46 inches round the chest; biceps, 17 inches; calf, 17 inches; thigh, 27 inches; and forearm, 18 inches.

He is one of the best all-round men of "athletic science," and as good a fighter as there is at present in the world's ring, we believe, and the professor is prepared to try and prove it. Miller's record will be read with interest at the present time, and we publish it so that we can furnish our imitators statistics.

Miller was born in Cheshire, Eng., on the 16th December, 1847, and arrived in Melbourne with his parents in 1852. After a sojourn in that colony of twenty-two years, he left for America in 1874. Returning to Australia, after a short but successful sojourn in Sydney (being proprietor and founder of the Sydney Gymnasium), he went to Melbourne and opened the Olympic Gymnasium. The following particulars of his athletic career will prove of interest to our readers:

He arrived in San Francisco in September, 1874, and was elected Principal of the Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium, also teacher of sparring and fencing to the Olympic Club, San Francisco. He was taught Greco-Roman wrestling by Mons. de Ling, and practiced three hours a day for three months. His lessons he turned to good account, as the subjoined record of some of his principal competitions will prove:

Wrestled against Thiebaud Bauer, Pacific Hall, for \$200 a side—draw. Wrestled Thiebaud Bauer, Platt's Hall, \$500 a side—lost. Boxing match against Bill Davis, who fought Jim Mace in Virginia City, Nevada, Platt's Hall, for \$400—won. Wrestled against Leopold Vanderveken for \$2,000—won. Wrestled against Thiebaud Bauer in John Wilson's Palace Amphitheatre. There was a tremendous crowd at the match, \$8,000 being in the pools and 5,000 people being unable to obtain admission. This match was for \$2,000 a side and gate money—draw.

The foregoing matches took place in San Francisco. Boxed against McCarthy, the Chicago giant, in the Athenaeum Gymnasium, Chicago—bested and stopped him in three rounds. Wrestled Andre Christol for \$1,000, at the Grand Opera House, New York—won. Wrestled Andre Christol for \$1,000, at the Grand Opera House—draw. Boxed against Pat Kelly, known as Strong-armed Kelly, in Woods' Gymnasium—bested him, Kelly refusing to continue after the third round. Boxed against Steve Taylor at the Turn Verein Hall—bested him, breaking Taylor's arm. Wrestled against Louis Casterton at the Rink, Brooklyn, for \$1,000—won. Wrestled Thiebaud Bauer, for \$1,000, in Music Hall, Boston—won. Boxed Tommy Denny in Music Hall, Boston, for the benefit of the Diet Kitchen Fund—bested him. Boxed Johnny Dwyer, Brooklyn Rink—draw. Boxed George Rooke, Terrace Garden, New York—bested him. Wrestled Thiebaud Bauer for \$1,000, Ford's Opera House, Baltimore—draw.

Wrestled Thiebaud Bauer for \$1,000, Ford's Opera House, Baltimore—won. Wrestled Thiebaud Bauer, Woods' theatre, Cincinnati, for \$1,000—lost. Wrestled Thiebaud Bauer, Opera House, Cincinnati, for \$1,000—won. Wrestled Thiebaud Bauer for gold medal, gate money and the championship of Canada, at the Opera House, Toronto—won. Wrestled Ernest Treher, Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, gate money and gold medal—won. Boxed J. Labossiere for \$400 a side and the championship of Canada, Theatre Royal, Montreal—won. Wrestled Thiebaud Bauer, Rink, New York, for a purse of \$2,000 and gate money. The match lasted 9 hours and 12 minutes—draw. Wrestled against Andre Christol, Terrace Garden, New York, \$300 a side and gate money—won. Wrestled against William Muldoon, \$250 a side, Masonic Temple, Baltimore—won. Wrestled against William Muldoon, \$250 a side, Maryland Institute, Baltimore—won. Wrestled against Wilhelm Heygester several times in New York and Baltimore, winning every match. Wrestled Thiebaud Bauer for purse of \$100 and gate money, Gilmore's Garden, New York city—won. Wrestling match in deep water, Braun's baths, New York, purse of \$250, eleven competitors—won. Wrestled Col. J. H. McLaughlin, catch-as-catch-can, \$500 a side, Music Hall, Boston—lost. Wrestled against Col. J. H. McLaughlin, Greco-Roman style, for \$1,000 and gate money, Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore—won. Wrestled John McMahon, catch-as-catch-can, for \$1,000, Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore—won. Wrestled Col. McLaughlin, catch-as-catch-can, for \$300 a side and gate money, Opera House, Utica, N. Y.—won. Wrestled John McMahon, catch-as-catch-can, \$500 a side and gate money, Madison Square Garden, New York—lost. Wrestled John McMahon, catch-as-catch-can, \$500 a side and gate money, Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati—won. Wrestled Col. McLaughlin, \$500 a side, Opera House, Rochester, New York—won. Wrestled John McMahon, \$500 a side and gate money, Academy of Music, Baltimore—won. Wrestled Alessandro, Front Street theatre, Baltimore, \$500—won. Wrestled Alessandro for purse of \$250 and gate money, Front

Street theatre, Baltimore—won. Boxed against Joe Goss with blackened gloves for 1 hour, \$300 a side, Maryland Institute, Baltimore—won. Boxed against Paddy Ryan, New York, Madison Square Garden, for the benefit of the Irish Relief Fund. This was a regular slugging match, Ryan refusing to continue after the second round, and was witnessed by 5,000 people.

Prof. Miller has also performed the following extraordinary feats of strength:

Pushed slowly from the shoulder a dumb-bell weighing 100 pounds nineteen times at straight arm's length above the head. Has lifted in the same position a dumb-bell weighing 200 pounds with the right arm, and while holding same has slowly pushed a dumb-bell weighing 90 pounds, with the left arm, above the head; aggregate weight held straight arm's length above head 290 pounds.

On May 23, 1883, at Sydney, N. S. W., Miller fought Larry Foley. They fought for a \$500 trophy, Marquis of Queensberry rules. The affair created a great sensation, and sporting men from all parts of Australia paid for admission to witness the affair. Foley came to the mark in capital condition, weighing 154 pounds. Miller weighed 191 pounds, being 37 pounds heavier than the champion.

In the thirty-eighth round, after some rapid exchanges, Foley rushed at Miller, knocking him down against the ropes, amid great cheering. Miller led off on the thirty-ninth round, Foley getting away and sparring for wind, the round finishing quietly. In the fortieth round Foley, having recovered his senses, owing to Miller's clemency, he made some show of sparring, and of avoiding punishment, but Miller at length losing patience, administered a terrific right-handed blow under the ear, which sent Foley helpless to the floor in a heap, thus virtually finishing the contest. At this point a gang of roughs rushed on the stage, back and front, and a free fight instantly began in Killenny-cat fashion. A more disgraceful scene has seldom been witnessed on any similar occasion, though the police managed to put a stop to it when too late. In the meantime a pretense was made to set Foley on his legs, as if for another round, which some claim to call a forty-first. But the ring being filled with other combatants, he staggered across to Miller's corner, shook his hand in a dazed but manly manner, and was then hustled away in a cab. Miller remained long enough in the ring to maintain his right of victory, and retired with Christie to his dressing-room, comparatively as fresh as paint, although he had been fighting 2 hours 50 minutes.

JOHN GULLY.

In the latter part of 1808 it was all over with Pearce, the game chicken, as far as milling was concerned. His days were evidently numbered, and retention of the title of champion would have been a mere farce. The title was therefore offered to Gully, who had fought two tremendous battles with the gigantic Bill Gregson, whom he had vanquished on both occasions. Gully, however, had no desire to finish his career as a practitioner in the P. R., and, indeed, had only given Gregson the second meeting as a point of honor, because that worthy was not satisfied with his first defeat, and, on the question being put to him, promptly stated to the sporting world his intentions of never again entering the P. R., and some other worthy had to be selected. Belcher's name was again brought on the tapis, but now, although his first conqueror, Pearce, had been compelled to retire, there was another obstacle. The star of Tom Cribb, which had been for some time looming in the distance, had attained to such magnitude that in April, 1807, he had been taken in hand by Capt. Barclay, who matched him against Jim Belcher, over whom he obtained a decided victory in 41 minutes. In addition to this feat, Cribb had also vanquished Gully's formidable antagonist, Gregson, with great ease. Here, therefore, was a double reason why he should be dubbed champion. He had conquered the same men who had been beaten by the late champion and also by the champion-elect, and he was consequently installed at once. Pearce, broken in health, would have stood no chance with Gully or Gregson. The latter may, in some measure, be regarded in the light of the trial-horse, by whose performance the right of Tom Cribb to the championship was decided. The first fight between Gully and Gregson took place on the 14th of October, 1807, at Six Mile Bottom, near New Market, a spot celebrated as the trysting-place for many a hard-fought battle. Gregson was a Lancashire man, nearly 6 feet 2 inches in height, 168 pounds of prodigious strength, champion of his own country and supposed to possess some considerable knowledge of milling. He had distinguished himself by vanquishing among others, Bourke, the antagonist of both Belcher and Pearce, and was altogether regarded as a most formidable customer. Gully was not quite 6 feet in height, and weighed 162 pounds. He was very muscular and far more scientific than his opponent, and although on stripping there was an evident disparity in the appearance much to his disadvantage, still the odds were in his favor. This mill was one of the most slashing affairs ever known of the kind in ancient or modern times. The extraordinary gameness and resolution displayed on both sides created unbounded astonishment. The tide in his favor and so high was the opinion entertained of Gregson by his friends, that one and all agreed to give him another chance, thinking that with additional experience he might be more successful. A challenge was therefore issued, and quickly accepted by Gully, to fight for £200 a side. Articles were drawn up in which was stipulated—for the first time, we believe—that neither was to fall without a knock-down blow, subject to the decision of the umpires. The second fight between Gully and Gregson took place, after some magisterial interference, in Sir John Sebright's Park, Hertfordshire, on the 10th of May, 1808. This was Gully's last appearance in the P. R. He retired on his well-earned laurels, and for some years kept the Plough, Carey street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He afterward retired from business, and during many years of an honorable career on the turf, realized a handsome fortune. He sat for a time in Parliament, as member for Pontefract, and enjoyed the friendship and respect of many of the higher families in the land.

A SEDUCER-SLAYER DYING.

George W. Conkling, of Reno, who shot and killed Haverstick, the seducer of his sister, Mrs. Uhler, in New York, over a year ago, is reported to be dying in San Francisco, of consumption. The germs of the disease were manifest long before the tragedy, but that event, followed by the suicide of his sister, has done much to hasten his end. His place of seclusion has been kept as secret as possible, and only a few trusted friends have been admitted to his bedside. The rupture of a blood-vessel on hearing of the death of Mrs. Uhler sent him to the couch from which he is not expected to rise.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Breezes From the Baseball Field and Points
About the Players---News and Gossip
From All Over the Country.

DAN O'LEARY again comes up smiling. GOLDSMITH greatly resembles Barnum's sacred white elephant.

HARRY WRIGHT is endeavoring to make ball-players out of his selection of pligs.

THE Boston clubs are nursing the Commercial Association for the benefit of their reserves.

BILLY TAYLOR will have to rid himself of about a half ton of blots if he expects to play ball this season.

WERNER HOLBERT commences to tell one of his Cuban stories, the Metropolitans simultaneously fall fast asleep.

JERRY DOOLY has made a great impression on the South St. Louis ladies, and some of them have given him flowers.

CLARK, of the Metropolitans, is a very nice fellow, personally, but he has an awful lot to learn yet about playing second base.

In the St. Paul and Minneapolis teams continue as they have begun they will be chewing each other by the middle of the season.

MANAGER PRICE, of the New York Club, was rather easy with the boys at first. When they picked him up for a chump, however, they got most beautifully left.

O'BRIEN, of the Athletics, is as stubborn as an ass, and refused to play with the Athletics at any price prior to the day his contract called for him to report to duty.

WHAT is it that women won't take hold of? Several women have invested their capital in baseball in Minneapolis, and are now stockholders of the Minneapolis Club.

It has been years since Keokuk had a professional club, to which Manager Barnie, of the Baltimore, can bear witness, as he counted the railroad ties between Keokuk and New York.

THEY say that good stuff improves with age; so the New Yorks have had Tarbox on the shelf for improvement, as he is about the best "stuff" that has ever attempted to play ball in this city.

HUMPHRIES, who played with the New Yorks last season, seems to be something of a "Wandering Jew." He has been released by the Minneapolis Club, and is now loitering up in Washington.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRADLEY has not yet fully decided to leave his girl in Philadelphia, or deposit it in Cincinnati. Part of the smile he left on the Polo Grounds is still sticking to the grand stand.

THE Boston scribes are squabbling over whether there is to be beer sold on their new Union Ground, while the ground in question is at present nothing but a potato patch, inclosed by a post and rail fence.

THE Metropolitans had hard luck on their trip to Boston. It commenced to snow soon after they left this city, and by the time they reached Boston there was from six to eight inches of snow upon the ground.

O. P. CAYLOR and Frank Wright are still scrapping over the American and Union clubs of Cincinnati. If Caylor ever hits Wright he will think he was struck by lightning, and probably will never recover.

THE St. Louis people have already commenced to shout about the ability of their club, and an admirer of the game in that city offers to bet \$1,000 that the St. Louis Club will win the championship of the American Association.

HORACE PHILLIPS is a first-class manager. In fact, he is too good, and always manages matters so well that the stockholders manage to dispense with his services at the close of a season, providing they don't do so at an earlier date.

THE baseball managers have good "speed" on the brain, and Manager Schultz, of the Columbus Club, and Manager T. H. Watkins, of the Bay City Club, have arranged to run a series of short-distance races during the latter part of this month.

JACK CHAPMAN has had an eye peeled for business this spring, and will take good care that the grass don't grow under the feet of the Detroit players during the coming season, as the club only has two open dates, between April 8 and Aug. 1.

THE Chicago, Cleveland and Philadelphia clubs have gone the full extent of the National agreement, and have each signed twenty-five men. This accounts for those three clubs closing out contracts to gather garbage in their respective cities.

BASEBALL is booming when 15,000 people turn out in St. Louis, April 6, to see a game, and 9,000 enthusiasts follow suit the following day, April 7, in Philadelphia, to see the first match of the series between the Athletics and Philadelphia. Is it any wonder that the ball-players own every town they go into?

A BALTIMORE local says: "Manager Barnie umpired yesterday's game in a most artistic manner. He apparently paid little attention to the howling winds." The game meant money in "Billey's" pocket, and as he has had to contend with the howling wolves all winter, he don't mind a little thing like the wind.

TOMMY BOND, one of the veterans of the revolutionary war, who has tried his luck at umpiring without success, is again preparing to enter the arena as a pitcher. In his day he was one of the crack pitchers of the country, but the boys are throwing the ball now, and Tommy is more than a century behind the age.

PUCKETT, seeing the wonderful success of Clapp and Lynch, concluded that he would open a rum-shop in Philadelphia, but as Manager Wright sat upon his little scheme by giving him his choice between the liquor business and the diamond field, he concluded to stick to baseball.

THE Providence reporters are howling bitterly over being hustled out of their old quarters in the rear of the catcher, and put away off to the side. Bancroft gained his point in effecting the change, but he will have the newspaper boys tickling his ribs with sharp sticks throughout the season.

THE Philadelphia scribes have commenced chewing each other at this early stage of the season. The item reporter, in commenting on the Record reporter's description of a game, says that it is ridiculously bitter and incorrect, and reads as if he had a few dollars on the wrong club.

THE Clevelanders are playing like clock-work together this season, and if they don't make the majority of the clubs quake in their shoes it will be because they are outbatted. In fielding, however, it is doubtful if they have any equal in the baseball arena.

IT was not very encouraging for Harry Wright to see his man Ferguson pounded all over the field by the Trentons, who made 15 hits with a total of 23, when they encountered the Philadelphia Reserves. If Ferguson is a fair sample of the club's reserve pitchers, it would be safe to predict that the Philadelphia will get knocked out of the lot this season.

TO hear the Waterbury people shout about the celebrated team they had last year, the inroad which was made on their players last fall by other professional clubs, and the manner in which they have come up smilling this spring with a new lot of men, one would think it was the leading baseball city in the United States instead of a little country town in Connecticut.

THE wary Bancroft is showing himself in Providence. He has arranged to have the Providence Club play a game nearly every day during the coming season. Before the season opened he had filled in every vacant date from March 28 until July 9. If the Providence Club don't win the championship this season, it will not be Bancroft's fault if they don't make money.

THERE is trouble brooding in the Boston Club. The directors, who are in full charge of the club's private affairs, refuse to disclose to the stockholders the amount of money made last season. It is pretty generally understood that the club raked in a big boodle, and there are hundreds of honest gentlemen in the arena who would like to have a finger in the directory pie.

MR. A. MILLER, the Secretary of the Columbus Baseball Club, is a pretty level-headed fellow. He is fully aware that the nine will never prove a success as a baseball club, as none of them know much about playing the game; so, in order to get his money back, he has leased the Grand Opera House, Columbus, at a rental of \$3,500 per year, where he will deliver temperance lectures, using the ball-players for the horrible examples.

CHARLIE FURMER will return to Cincinnati. That is settled. Acting in his official capacity as constable in Philadelphia, he attempted to serve a writ on a delinquent tenant, who didn't want

the writ, and used such forcible arguments to convince Charlie, that he soon found himself out of his latitude, and he now sees that dancing around on the ball field is far more congenial to refined taste than rolling over a floor under a tough's feet.

WILLIAM "J." HOOKER has been put to considerable trouble and annoyance by having been taken for the other fellow. William "J." it must be understood, is a gentleman of rare talent and ability, being a professional baseball-player, under contract with the Keystone Club of Philadelphia, while the other fellow is one of those terribly common things known as umpires, and like the rest of the umpires is cursed and damned by everybody.

THE Boston management showed their bad breeding by allowing the Metropolitans to visit them and spend a night and a day, and return to New York without even calling upon them at their hotel. The Metropolitans would have been satisfied if Soden had only allowed some of his players to have walked along the other side of the street and put their fingers to their noses, as they would have looked upon it as a recognition of their being in Boston.

THE directors and players of the Boston Club have been invited to attend the opening championship game of the Boston Union Club, which takes place April 30. Where this game is to be played is a question that would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to answer, as the proposed ground of the Boston Club is nothing more than a rough lot, which is all mountains and valleys. If they can get their ground ready by the Fourth of July they will be doing most admirably.

ONE of those Philadelphia gulls has the cheek to say that "the Philadelphia Club is not the Philadelphia Club of last season by a large majority," as a number of the League clubs will discover. This kind of stuffing is very good to frighten the crows away from a corn-field, but it will never do for people who know anything at all about baseball. The miserable failure of this club last year is still too green in the memory of the baseball public, and the changes in the team too few, to hoodwink them with such nonsense as this.

IT is highly amusing to read the leading journals in the various cities in which League and American Association clubs are located, and see that the representatives of each city are going to win the championship of their respective associations this season. No doubt it is perplexing to a foreigner to see so many clubs winning the championship, as he cannot help but feel confident, from the arguments produced, that each club is bound to come out of the race covered with glory. The Americans, however, are used to hearing the steam blown off from the escape-valves of the various clubs, and pay but little attention to a club's feeble efforts to make themselves appear strong on paper each year. It is the dark horse that is most to be feared. We are not saying anything about the New Yorks or Metropolitans, so look out for them.

AN item is going the rounds that "in the opening game between the New Yorks and their reserves, the veteran Clapp won a prize bat for making the best place hit during the contest, which was a drive to right field when there was a man on third." This sort of waddle gives a man gripings in the stomach. Clapp was never known to hit a ball in any other direction than that of right field, while his base hit on this occasion, instead of being a "place hit," if there is such a thing, was what is better known under the head of "scratch hit." A bat was presented on that occasion to Clapp by old "Papa Chadwick," and while we do not think the old gentleman made this presentation for the sake of gaining notoriety, or even in order to work Clapp for his beer, still, we are entitled to our own private opinion, as we saw the game in question, and Roseman, Richardson and Jones played all around Clapp, in our judgment.

DAN O'LEARY, who was so unceremoniously bounced from the management of the Indianapolis Club, seems to have made a favorable impression upon the Evansville people, whom he has been among during the past winter. Dan is one of the proprietors of a skating rink in that place, and the Evansville Journal, in speaking of O'Leary, says: "His managerial talent has been demonstrated beyond a peradventure, as no man, it is considered, could have made such a success of the rink here except Manager O'Leary. He has been indefatigable to make enjoyable amusement both a paying and delightful success." The genial Dan will be one of the shining lights of the Union Association during the coming season, as he has been engaged to manage the Cincinnati Union, where he will have many a chance to take a fall out of Mr. O. P. Caylor, the great Græco-Roman wrestler.

WE are trying to find out by what authority the umpires changed the wording of some of the American Association rules at their recent meeting in Columbus. As near as we can get at it, the official umpires are nothing more than so many servants in the employ of the association, and are subject to removal at any time during the season. They must have been pretty well loaded with jig-water when they discussed the rules. It is a wonder they did not revise the constitution, and make a rule whereby they could fine the directors and stockholders and keep the fines as well as raise their own salaries. While they were at it, they could have made it a profitable business, by arranging matters so that all the gate receipts should first pass through the umpires' hands, and the contesting clubs to receive such sums of money as the umpire saw fit to give them, or as their playing warranted in the umpire's judgment.

FOR some time the New Yorkers have found fault with the size and accommodations at the new grounds of the Metropolitan Club. If they should once visit the Boston grounds and see the miserable pig-pen in which the champions of the country are obliged to play, they would cease finding fault, and would sympathize with the bean-eaters. The improvements added to the ground this spring are simply a burlesque on the word improvement. A small gate, scarcely large enough for a good-sized man to squeeze through, has been made in the fence at the rear of the grand stand, and a frail-looking narrow wooden stairway has been plastered up against the back of the grand stand to one of the old lattice windows which has been cut into a door. A stray board has been nailed on the fence wherever necessity required it, and a shovelful of dirt was thrown here and there to fill up the rat-holes. To one unbiased in their opinion the ground looked like a sad disappointment of what might have been. It was evident from the scanty improvements that President Soden kissed and caressed each dollar that was spent on the repairs many times before they parted.

THERE is nothing like style, and the Washington Club has it. They have their men trained like a batch of poodle dogs. At the top of a gong they all file out of the clubhouse and fall in on the Sing Sing order, and march over to third base, where they form in line and again wait for orders. At the second sound of the gong they all go on a double-quick to their respective positions. These are only the preliminary steps toward training and discipline. The manager is satisfied that his club will never amount to anything as ball-players, so he is going to try to catch the crowd on the side-show business. One of the boys has a splendid mouth, and is being trained to hide a baseball in it; another, who is quite strong, bids fair to become quite an expert at carrying a banner announcing the game for the following day. Two more are being trained to go after sticks and stones and bring them back to the manager, while another can go around the bases five minutes and jump through a hoop before touching each base. The others, who are mostly gymnasts, are being instructed in the many art, so that when they are passing around the hat they can knock a fellow out if he refuses to give any money.

A MORE sorrowful set of men never graced the diamond field than the Athletics, of Philadelphia, were when they attempted to unfurl the American Association championship pennant. It was decided by the Mason, Simmons and Sharsig combination that this event should be one of the most memorable occasions Philadelphia has ever known, even the great centennial was to have been eclipsed. They even sent for "Jumping Jack" Jones and Hubbard, in order that none of the great champions of 1883 should be missing. The grand moguls, in full uniform, marched up to the flag-staff and formed in a circle around it. After one of President Simmons' paralyzing speeches, the boys fell to with a will and began to hoist on the balyards, from which swung a broad pennant bearing the legend "Champions, 1883." The banner had got almost to the top of the pole when a crash rent the air, and down came the flag and about half of the pole. There were between five and six thousand people on the ground, who, although they felt sorry for the champions, could not restrain themselves from chattering lustily. The Athletics were heart-broken, and considered the mishap ominous of disaster. Probably the refusal of the pennant to climb to the top of the pole was only a gentle reminder to the management of the way in which they captured the pennant, and the promises they made at the time and never fulfilled. Simmons, however, puts the accident all on the cheap pole, and he declares that the next flag-staff he buys he will pay a dollar for and not buy one for a quarter, and then beat the man down to fourteen cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\$150

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F. H., Chicago, Ill.—No.

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H. H. H., Jacksonville, Fla.—No.

C. F. and M. R.—He is a half-breed.

C. M. E., Canton, M. T.—In New York.

Chicago.—Sullivan, 195 lbs. Ryan, 193 lbs.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—1. Billy Madden. 2. Yes.

M. R. P., Chicago, Ill.—C has first and B last bet.

G. S. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—Jack always counts.

L. A. H., Bottaville, Pa.—Between 32 and 33 years.

J. W. G., Denver, Col.—High card takes the deal.

G. B., Brooklyn.—Three trays win; see counts low.

S. S. G., Jr., East Liverpool.—In the second round.

S. H. Lewis, Georgetown, D. C.—No to all questions.

J. H. M., New Bedford, Mass.—Send on your portrait.

T. M. C., Philadelphia.—Nearly \$4,000 fell to his share.

VOLKHAARD BROS., Chester, Pa.—It was of little importance.

L. M. O.—1. The Winchester rifles. 2. Cannot furnish book.

W. G., Ipswich.—Send 50 cents, and we will send you the book.

H. D. G., Worcester, Mass.—Cannot furnish the book inquired for.

C. W. V., Sauk Center, Minn.—Twenty-nine, four fives and a jack.

J. B., Chicago, Ill.—Send on \$2.50, and we will send you the book.

P. H. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Cannot find the book nor price of same.

A SUBSCRIBER, Theresa P. O., W. T.—Four deuces and a nine count 20.

J. C., Burlington, Vt.—First jack loses. A is compelled to face the card.

C. B., Boston, Mass.—There is no such book published that we know of.

TROY, N. Y.—Cannot find address given in New York City Directory.

A CONSTANT READER.—Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy.

J. G., Coal Bluff, Pa.—Write to Kahn's Museum, 713 Broadway, New York.

C. W. H., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.—Sixes are high and aces low in poker dice.

E. M. C., West Rockport, Ohio.—Send 50 cents for copy "American Hoyle."

JOS. HAMMILL, Wellsville, Wis.—We do not answer correspondents by mail.

L. L. W., New York.—Write to Signal Service Bureau, Equitable Building.

M. C. M.—The postage on POLICE GAZETTE to England is 2 cents per copy.

J. A. McGovern, Sturgeon, Mich.—The balls must be drawn after each game.

D. S., Leavenworth, Kan.—Jem Mace first came to America in September, 1869.

J. M., Fort Union, New Mex.—Forward 50 cents to this office for book on cribbage.

H. C., Hazleton, Pa.—Have no record or particulars about the runner you name.

J. L., Norwich, Conn.—The population of New York city in 1890 was 1,206,299.

McK., Plattsburg, Mo.—1. A sequence of any color. 2. The joker is not played.

C. P. H., St. Louis, Mo.—Send full address; will then forward copy of rules gratis.

EUGENE, Cannelton, Md.—Send on a sketch of the party. We received the picture.

J. H., New York.—1. The boat would have to drift. 2. The feat is an impossible one.

A. T. WHITWORTH, Danville, Kan.—Mitchell and Slade have never met in the ring.

J. C. Fox, Des Moines, Iowa.—Write Army and Navy Gazette, 240 Broadway, this city.

B. H. M., Runyon, N. J.—Send 50 cents. We will send you a book which is a standard work.

J. S., Boston, Mass.—Dec. 12, 1872, is the date Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, died at Philadelphia.

M. F. C., Sandy Hook.—John L. Sullivan and Edward Hanlan never ran a foot-race as opponents.

P. L. A., Belleville, Del.—1. Sullivan and Slade never fought except with gloves. 2. Last summer.

J. C., Rochester, N. Y.—Ned O'Baldwin stood 6 ft 5½ in in height and weighed 215 lbs in condition.

J. S. R., Chestnut street, Philadelphia.—John L. Sullivan will be twenty-six years of age next October.

CONSTANT READER, Cleveland, Ohio.—Will forward you POLICE GAZETTE direct; price is \$1 per quarter.

W. S., Cleveland, Ohio.—No. 2. Duncan C. Ross is the champion. 3. We answered in the last issue.

M. McC., Newport, R. I.—Frank Lyman can inform you, and a letter addressed to this office will reach him.

G. P. H., Calais, Me.—If you forward letters addressed in care of Richard K. Fox, they will reach the parties.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, Troop A, Fourth Cavalry, Fort Wingate, New Mexico.—1. Published in book form. 2. Yes.

X. Y. Z.—"Walker on Cribbage" and "John Blackbridge on Poker" price 50 cents each, can be had at this office.

E. D., Baltimore, Md.—1. Lady Suffolk, in 1838. 2. There is no such championship. 3. Yes; Canada is in North America.

LE ROY CARTER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Yes, you can announce 40 trumps, also 150 trumps, provided you take a trick between.

J. F., Ashley, Utah.—1. Yes. 2. If it is a tie the game must be played again, unless both parties mutually agree to a draw.

WILL STREETS, Houghton, Mich.—A straight will beat triplets when it is agreed to play straights at commencement of the game.

G. S., Syracuse, N. Y.—Ben Hogan was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1844. He stands 5 ft 11 in in height, and weighs 190 lbs.

W. M., Virginia City.—Jim Dillon beat Dooney Harris, near London, Eng., for £20, Feb. 21, 1869, in 52 rounds, lasting 2h and 10m.

D. M., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. Charles Lloyd, better known as "Cockney Charley," is living at St. John, New Brunswick. 2. No.

J. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Hanlan is in Australia. 2. He will probably row every oarsman in New South Wales before he returns.

WILL EDWARDS, Troy, N. Y.—1. No; it is a foul hand. 2. Not unless the turned card is same color. Knob counts 1. 3. Jack turn wins.

JOHN V. GREEN, New York city.—1. Robert Telford, actor and manager. 2. Send 30 cents to this office for "Life and Battles of John C. Heenan."

D. M., Kansas City.—The greatest distance ever run in one hour is 11 miles 970 yards by L. Bennett Deerfoot, at London, England, April 3, 1867.

T. J. R., Long Branch, N. J.—1. John L. Sullivan won the championship of America by defeating Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1872. 2. Yes.

W. P. E., Taylor, La.—One side cannot play alone against the other; only those who take the responsibility of the trump and risk being euchred, can play alone.

K. E., Chicago, Ill.—It all rests with your aptness to learn. Wrestling is a science which requires months of study and

practice for one to be proficient in. Boxing is more readily learned, but all rests with the pupil.

A. C. M., Stoners, Westmoreland county, Pa.—1. Yes; Hyer was the best. 2. No; Hyer was on the retired list when Heenan was sprouting for championship honors.

W. W., Trenton, N. J.—1. John Wood, 208 Bowery, is the "Police Gazette" photographer. 2. He can furnish you with the pictures of all the sporting men and pugilists you may need.

D. D., Salem, Texas.—1. There was a race-horse called Jack of Hearts in England. 2. He was owned by S. Thulleson, and ran third for the Cesarewitch stakes at New Market, Eng., in 1863.

B. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—If you selected a referee, and the opposition did not object to him filling that position, then you must abide by his decision, no matter whether he decided unfair or otherwise.

J. E. HARRINGTON, Fort Ellis, W. T.—1. Length of river span, 1,595 ft 6 in; each land span, 390 ft. 2. Length of Brooklyn approach, 971 ft; New York approach, 1,560 ft 6 in. Total length of bridge, 5,987 ft.

A. B., Boston, Mass.—If you read the answers to correspondents you will find that we have answered this question a dozen times. Ryan weighed 195 lbs, Sullivan 193 lbs on the day they fought at Mississippi City, Feb. 7, 1872.

A WEEKLY SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—1. Sullivan and Dalton boxed at Chicago December, 1881. 2. Full particulars of the contest will be found in the "History of the Prize Ring;" price 25 cents; published by Richard K. Fox.

E. C., Rockford, Ill.—Charles Mitchell did challenge John L. Sullivan after their contest in Madison Square Garden, but the champion refused to arrange a match, giving as his reason that Mitchell should box Mike Cleary first.

J. M. C., Ballard Vale, Mass.—1. No. 2. Joe Goss, after receiving £45 forfeit from Joe Wormald, Jan. 25, 1868, was matched to fight Harry Allen for £300 a side and the championship, but both pugilists were arrested and the fight declared off.

H. W., Bordenstown, N. J.—1. A losses all three bets. Tom Allen first came to America in July, 1867. 2. Jem Ward was not 5 ft 11 in in height. Ward's height was 5 ft 10½ in. 3. Harry Broome's last battle was with Tom Padlock, and was won by Broome, in 51 rounds, in 63m.

FRED, Silver City, N. M.—1. Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan did not fight at New Orleans, La. 2. The fight was decided at Mississippi City, Miss. 3. The pugilists fought according to the rules of the London prize ring for \$2,500 a side. 4. Harry Hill held the stakes.

M. S., Boston.—In the last six-day contest held in this city, Patrick Fitzgerald won, covering 577 miles 440 yards; George D. Norcross covered 566 miles 880 yards; Daniel Hervey covered 541 miles 220 yards; John Hughes, the "Police Gazette" entry, covered 525 miles 170 yards.

E. D., Chicago, Ill.—1. Jem Mace sparred with John C. Heenan for the first time at the Old Bowery theatre (now the Thalia), February, 1870. 2. On the same night he was presented with a belt valued at \$1,000, and Charley White, the negro comedian, made the presentation speech.

J. E. McD., St. Paul, Minn.—1. A straight flush will beat any four of a kind, when straights are played. When straights are not played fours are the best hand. A full will beat a flush. 2. No. 3. What distance do you mean? 4. There is no record. 5. The combination you refer to has not yet started.

H. C. L., New York.—Where a player opens a jack pot without holding the requisite cards to do so, the pool goes to the player holding the highest hand among those who see the call, outside of the delinquent who opened the pot; or, if a player drives the original breaker and all others out, then the pool must go to him.

A. L., Burlington, N. Dakota.—1. Not that we ever heard of. 2. Joe Goss and Tom Allen fought for £100 a side at Monmouthshire, Eng., on March 5, 1867. Thirty-five rounds were fought, in 1h 52m, when neither were able to win. 3. Allen and Goss fought for \$2,000 on Sept. 7, 1876, in Kentucky, and Goss won in 21 rounds, fought in 48m, by a foul.

M. W., Little Rock, Ark.—1. No. 2. Jimmy Elliott and Hen Winkle fought for \$1,000, on January 6, 1882, at Bull's Ferry, N. J. After 99 rounds had been fought the roughs broke into the ring, and a free fight followed, and the referee declared the fight a draw. The fight lasted 2h 15m, and had the friends of Winkle allowed the battle to continue, Elliott would have won.

T. G., Baltimore, Md.—John C. Heenan, prior to fighting Tom King, challenged Jem Mace. On the morning of the battle, Heenan again stated he would fight Mace for £200 to £500 a side and the champion belt (which King and Heenan did not fight for). Mace, in answer to Heenan's offer, accepted the challenge and agreed to meet Heenan at the Blue Anchor Shoreditch, but no match was arranged, Heenan deciding to retire from the ring.

J. McHENRY and R. DALTON, Running Water, W. T.—1. Send on a forfeit, and we will publish the challenge of Frank De Castro. Jim McDevitt, the well-known pugilist of the "Police Gazette" Annex, at Bridesburg, Pa., is eager to box Jack Edwards, of Kensington. McDevitt agrees to box Edwards 6 rounds according to the new "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules, the winner to take 60 and the loser 40 per cent. of the gate receipts.

T. K., Burt county, Neb.—John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan fought at Boston Four Corners, 100 miles northeast of New York city, on Oct. 5, 1853. The fight lasted 33m, during which 37 rounds were fought. The friends of Morrissey then claimed a foul, and a wrangle ensued. Revolvers and knives were drawn, and Sullivan was crowded or left the ring. The referee called time, but Sullivan, who was hemmed in by the crowd, had no chance to enter the ring, and Morrissey was declared the winner, having never left the ring.

G. G., Trenton, N. J.—Andrew Marsden did beat and was beaten by Ned O'Baldwin. He stood 6 ft 1½ in in height. Gen. Hos and Wormald fought. Marsden challenged the latter to fight for £200 and the championship of England. The battle was fought at Harley, Eng., Jan. 4, 1865. Wormald proved too much for the champion, defeating him in 18 rounds, lasting 17m. Mace, finding Wormald was "clicker," matched him to fight Ned O'Baldwin for £200 a side and the champion's belt. O'Baldwin was not at the starting on April 29, 1867, and Wormald received the stakes.

J. R. M., Avoca, N. Y.—1. Barney Aaron was born in London in 1

Working the Growler.

A nice little den from which juvenile thieves graduated has lately been unearthed by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. At No. 316 West Thirty-ninth street is a dingy shop, on the windows of which is the sign "Mrs. Bernard's ladies' and gents' ice-cream saloon."

On information that children were permitted to drink and gamble in the place, and that they met with evil associates there, a raid was made on the saloon by a squad of policemen. Ten boys, whose ages apparently ranged between eight and fourteen years, were found there. Most of them were engaged in "bumping Easter eggs." The eggs were supplied by Mrs. Bernard, and the loser forfeited a stick of

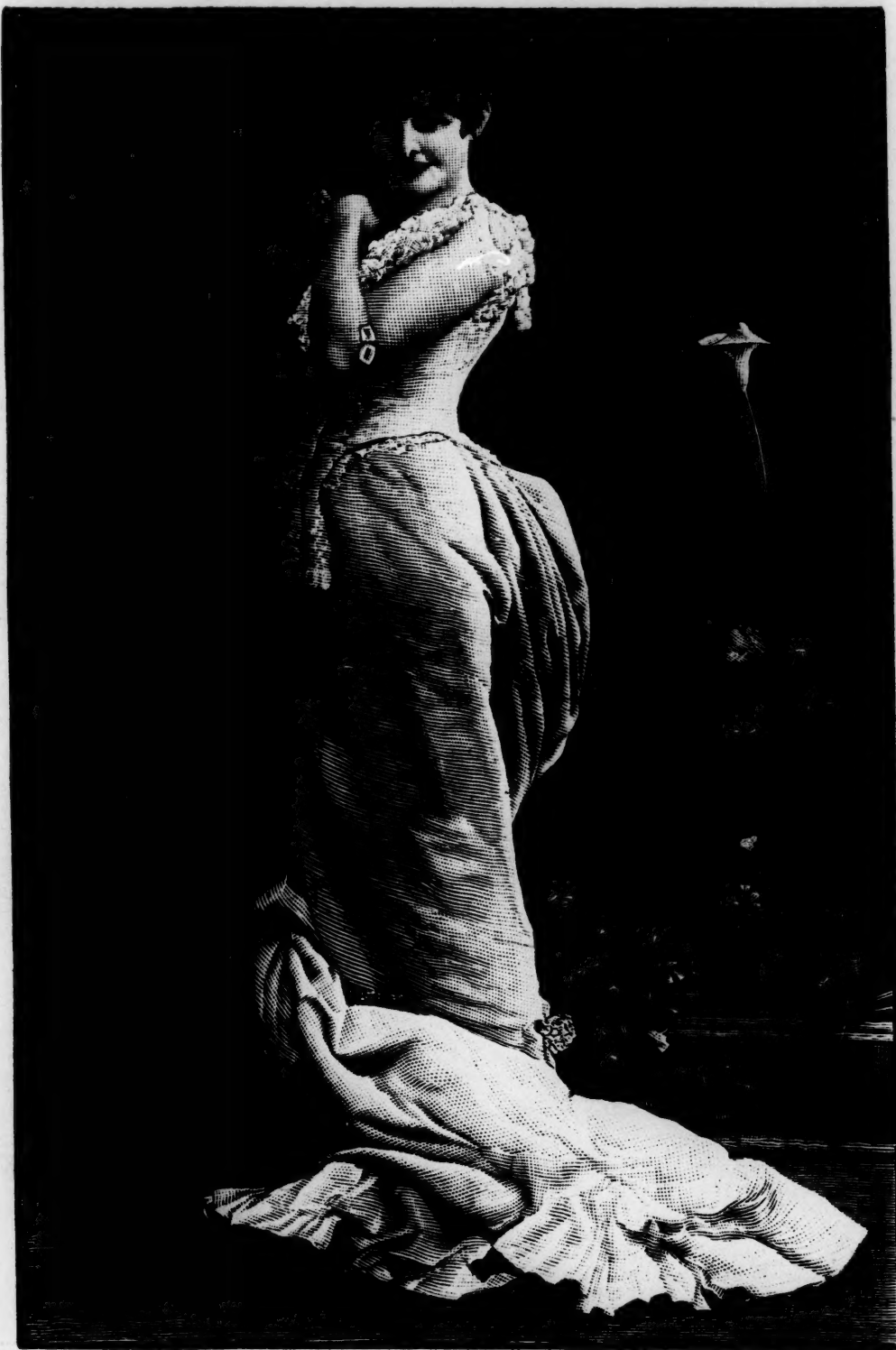


ANTONIO FLACCOMIO,

AN ITALIAN CIGAR DEALER ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF CARMILIO FARACH.

candy or treated the other boys to beer, which was brought in a can from a neighboring saloon. Some of the boys had spent, in the game as much as twenty-five or thirty cents, which are considerable sums if the circumstances of their parents are considered. Other boys were pitching pennies. They were taken to the Thirty-seventh street police station, where their names were recorded. Then they were sent home.

According to the stories told by the boys, and to the reports of agents of the Society, the boys were allowed the utmost license by Mrs. Bernard. They pitched pennies, played cards and gambled with dice. The loser either treated the players to candy, which was bought of Mrs. Bernard, or paid for beer. Mrs. Bernard made



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MLLE. ST. QUENTIN.

[Photo by Mora.]

no objection when they got up impromptu boxing or wrestling matches. Great numbers of boys resorted to the saloon in the evening. The consequence of the gambling that went on was to induce the children to resort to various devices to obtain money. Mr. Jenkins, Superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has received information which leads him to believe also that the place was the resort of a gang of boy pickpockets. The boys say that when play was dull Mrs. Bernard herself would take a hand and make things lively. Another charge brought against Mrs. Bernard by the boys is that she sold cigarettes to even the youngest among them, and that the smoking was as constant as the gambling.

When the officers went to investigate the



CARMILIO FARACH,

THE VICTIM OF THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER AT NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND.

case they met a little fellow coming out of the place carrying a pail.

"Where are you going?" he was asked.

"I'm workin' de growler," he said. "De udder fellows stuck me for de drinks."

"How did they 'stick' you?"

"Chuckin' de dice."

Mlle. St. Quentin.

A couple of seasons back Miss St. Quentin made her appearance here in comic opera. She created quite a good impression for herself, which has been continued and improved upon by her various impersonations. Miss St. Quentin is now a member of the fine company of Daly's theatre.



WORKING THE GROWLER.

HOW DRUNKARDS AND THIEVES ARE MADE IN INNOCENT-LOOKING CANDY STORES IN NEW YORK, WHERE YOUNG BOYS ARE ENCOURAGED IN GAMBLING AND DRINKING.

Jem Ward.

Jem Ward, the ex-champion of England, a public man, whose span of life bridged over the wide space of time between "the days when the Third George was King," embraced the reigns of the Fourth and last George, of William the sailor monarch, and ran far into the rule of the sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, died at the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, London, on April 6. He was probably the oldest pugilist in England, and, perhaps, in the world. He was born in London on Christmas Day, 1800, and entered the fistic arena when a lad. His first recorded

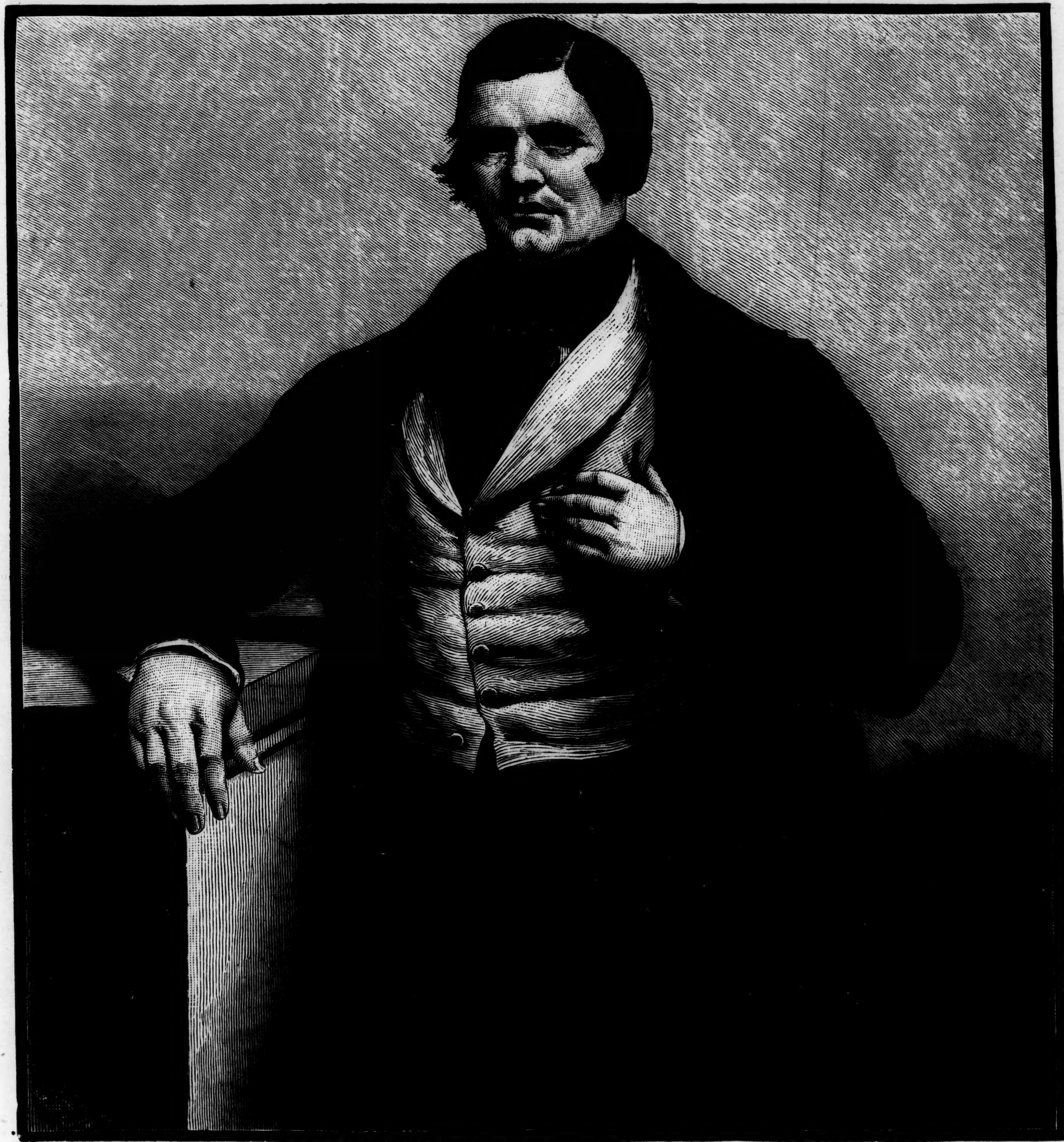
of the East End. He was a prominent member of the Licensed Victuallers' Society of London, and when his age and infirmities compelled him to retire from active business, he was pensioned by the society and was appointed the janitor of the Licensed Victuallers' Hall. Ward paid a short visit to this country about fifteen years ago. His brothers, "Nick" and John, were both celebrated prize-fighters in their day.

The tastes of Jem Ward were eminently artistic and musical, as proved by the gift of natural talent in painting and instrumental performance. He had long been a pleasing executant on the flute and flageolet, by ear, and

40m, at Isle of Dogs, Sept. 29, 1820; John Delany, £30, 50m, at Bow Common, Oct., 1820; D. Acton, £25, 14½m, 6 rounds, at Motilsey, June 12, 1822; Burke, £20, 7m, Harpenden, Sept. 10, 1822; Ned Baldwin, £5, 19m, 20 rounds, Wimbledon, Feb. 4, 1823; Rickers, £60, 8 rounds, 15m, Lansdowne, July 4, 1823; Jemmy the Black, purse, 18m, 8 rounds, Southampton, Aug. 20, 1823; beaten by Josh Hudson, 100 guineas, 14 rounds, 36m, Moulsey Hurst, Nov. 11, 1823; beat Phil Sampson, £100, 48m, 25 rounds, Colnbrook, June 21, 1824; Phil Sampson, £100, 37½m, 27 rounds, Park Lodge, Dec. 28, 1824; Tom Cannon, £500, 10m, 10 rounds, Warwick, July 19, 1825; Samp-

champion's belt. He had two, and the first one was presented to him in the year 1825 on the occasion of his lowering the colors of the celebrated bruiser Tom Cannon.

He spent his later days in quiet. Oil-paintings and water-color drawings used to adorn the walls of his snug asylum refuge. There was one of the "old masters"—at all events a copy of one—which, for lack of space, was standing in the fender and peeping up the chimney, while on the sideboard, and stacked for deep on the seat of a chair, were framed water-color pictures, all the result of the gentle handling of the brush by the fist that had enabled him to

**JEM WARD,**

THE LAST OF THE OLD TIME CHAMPIONS OF THE ENGLISH PRIZE RING; DIED AT LONDON, APRIL 6, 1884.

[From a Portrait by Wm. Daniels, of Liverpool.]

fight was with George Robinson, which occurred at Stepney Green on May 6, 1816, in which Ward was victorious. During a period extending from 1816 to 1831 he fought twenty-three prize fights, in all but two of which he came off victorious. He was defeated by "Josh" Hudson and "Pete" Crawley. In 1831, having beaten all competitors, he became champion of England, and on July 14 of that year was presented with the champion's belt. After retiring from the prize ring he kept a public house in Liverpool, and subsequently he became the proprietor of a public house in the White Chapel road, near Mile End Gate, in London, which for many years was the resort of the noted sporting men

could express his fancies on the violin. He also devoted himself enthusiastically to painting, and became, at the age of forty-five, an exhibitor of his own productions.

An interesting account of his life was published in the POLICE GAZETTE last year, running from No. 308 to No. 313, from which we compile the following summary of his battles in the prize ring: Beat Geo. Robinson, £20, 45m, at Stepney Fields, May 6, 1816; Bill Wall, £20, 2h, at Limehouse Fields, June 18, 1816; Geo. Webb, £30, 1 round, 3m, at Limehouse Fields, July 27, 1817; Jack Murray, £30, 40m, at Dockhill, Shadwell, Feb. 12, 1819; Mick Murphy, £20, 35m, at Barking, Essex, July 4, 1819; Mike Hayes, £30,

son, in turn-up, 10 rounds, Norwich, June 30, 1823. Defeated by Peter Crawley, £200, 11 rounds, 20m, Royston Heath, Jan. 2, 1827; beat Jack Carter, £50, 32m, 16 rounds, Shepperton Range, May 27, 1828; forfeited to Simon Byrne, £100, Leicester, Hoax, March 10, 1829; beat Simon Byrne, £200, 1h, 33 rounds, Willeycutts, July 12, 1831. A champion belt was given to Ward in 1825, another on July 14, 1831.

Jem Ward was a man of might long before the birth of many a modern champion of England who has since run his mortal course and died and been well-nigh forgotten. Before Mrs. Sayers brought into the world the infant christened Thomas, Ward had won his first

achieve six of his pugilistic victories in less than twenty minutes each. He attained quite a reputation as an artist, and once he had an exhibition of his pictures. His productions are very creditable works of art. They are chiefly landscapes, and he was good at bits of water and boats, and was curiously clever in his blending of colors. He was a self-taught genius, and besides being a painter could play three or four different musical instruments.

MAIDEN'S hair is a delightful subject for poets but when wound around a benedict's vest button it has often made a poor fellow think of the name of a western mining camp.

SPORTING NEWS.

\$1.50.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,
The Best Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational Paper in
the World, and

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,

The Spiciest Dramatic and Best Story Paper in America,
Illustrating the Sensations of the Day.These two great papers will be mailed to any address
in the United States three months for \$1.50.
Send on your subscription at once. Sample copies
mailed free on application.
The POLICE GAZETTE and "The Week's Doings" are the
only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX.

HANLAN has arrived in Australia.

DENNIS GALLAGHER is seriously ill at Buffalo,
with quinsy.ST. PAUL has a baseball association with a
capital of \$10,000.THE tour of the John L. Sullivan combination
is still meeting with grand success.No match has yet been arranged between Billy
Frazier, of Boston, and Frank White.PLUNGER WALTON expects to purchase a cat-
tle ranch in Southern Virginia, for his sons.TOM ALLEN, the noted pugilist, now keeps
one of the leading sporting houses in St. Louis.YELLOW DOCK (2:20), now called M. Y. D., a
record of 2:11 with a running mate, has been wintering
at Macon, Ga.The glove contest between John Kilrain, of
Boston, and Charley Mitchell is a fixture. It will take
place in this city in May.ARTHUR L. RICHARDSON, the Detroit team's
new short-stop, is twenty-two years old, 5 ft 4 in
in height, and weighs 136 lbs.THOMPSON'S hand is no better, and from present
appearances he will be in no condition to face any
of his many challenges for a month.We have received a copy of the official base-
ball schedule and guide for 1884, published by James
Jackson. It is a useful book and just what is wanted.GEORGE H. HOSMER is engaged in coaching
the Princeton College crews, and is at the same time
training for his race with Albert Hamm, 3 miles,
for \$500.FRED A. PLAISTED, the well-known oarsman,
has sold out his sporting house at Pittsburg, and is now
living with James Pilkington, at the Golden Oar,
Harlem, N. Y.WALLACE ROSS, the oarsman, arrived from
England on the 7th inst. He will go into training at
once, making his headquarters at Oak Point, Long
Island Sound.COMMODORE KITSON, of St. Paul, Minn., lost
\$12,000 in horseflesh recently by the death of the
two-year-old thoroughbred colts, Sir Hercules and Sibley,
at Jerome Park.AT Montana recently the glove fight between
Jack Brady and Jim Roberts was won by the former.
Only 2 rounds were fought, when Brady knocked
Roberts out of time.SEXTON has again given up his billiard prac-
tice. When asked, a few days since, to knock the
balls about for practice, he replied: "What's the use?
I can't get any matches."JAMES DUGREY, the noted turfman and game
fowl breeder, of Mechanicsville, has been very fortu-
nate with his game fowl this season. He has fought
7 mains and won 6 of them.KATIE CREEK, with a stable-boy in the sad-
dle, recently ran away at New Orleans and ran five
miles. When stopped she was found to be very sore
and lame in the left hind leg.THE mixed wrestling match at the Opera
House, at Detroit, on April 10, between Col. J. H. Mc-
Laughlin and Duncan C. Ross, was won by the former.
Ross was suffering from a broken rib.E. D. DAVIES, better known as Pugh Davies,
the famous short-distance runner, who in 1868, '67 and
'68 could outrun any man in the world, now lives in
Fargo, N. M., and is said to be worth \$50,000.SAM COLLYER, the retired pugilist, now keeps
a sporting house in Canton, a suburb of Baltimore.
He does a splendid business, and Collyer's saloon is
the leading sporting rendezvous of the vicinity.JAMES SMITH, the ex-champion pedestrian,
now keeps a sporting house at Shenandoah, Schuyl-
kill county, Pa. Smith has a splendid place for train-
ing either sprinters, long-distance runners or pugilists.THE genial Billy Watson has given up his
position at the Champions' Rest, and engaged himself
with Thos. Kearns, the famous roadman, with whom
he will visit the principal race-tracks the coming
season.THE glove fight between Prof. Charles Hadley
and Woodson, the "Black Diamond," will take place
in Cincinnati, April 15. It will be a rattling affair.
Hadley beat Woodson a year ago in 4m, and says he
can do it again.JOE BEARD, the popular sporting man of Bal-
timore, still keeps the Three White Elephants. He
claims it was from the sign of his sporting house that
Barum first got the idea of sending for the sacred
white elephant.TOM MCALPINE has posted \$50 and issued a
challenge to back Jack Dempsey to fight Patrick Mc-
Causland, better known as Young English, 6 rounds,
according to the "Police Gazette" Revised Queens-
berry rules, for \$100 a side.B. KNOWLTON'S horses, Billy S. (pacer), and
chestnut stallion Mars (trotter), and W. B. McDonald's
stable, Buffalo Girl, Almonarch, and three green
trotters, will be shipped this week from Buffalo to
Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia.In the game of bank billiards on March 26—
15 points up—Tim Flynn ran out with a run of 13,
leaving his opponent, one of the best bank billiard-
players in New York, at 2. Flynn's 13 were all round-
the-table shots, and the feat was greatly applauded.THE Cleveland Leader says: "Mat Malone,
Dominick McCaffrey's backer, has put up \$250 with a
challenge to either Charles Mitchell or John Kilrain
to box with McCaffrey 4 rounds, or to a finish in ear-
nest. London prize ring rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.ON March 31 we returned to D. C. Ashby, of
No. 23 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, the \$50 he
deposited when he issued a challenge offering to
match his great running bull-dog, Toodles, to run
against any bull-dog in America 100 yards for \$500 a
side.WILLIAM PAGE PHILLIPS, the well-known
amateur athlete, died suddenly in London, England.
He was a first-class sprinter and oarsman, running
second in the 440 yard dash at the Aston Lower
Grounds, Birmingham, England, L. E. Myers being
first.At the annual meeting of the Nautilus Boat
Club the following officers were elected: Harry
Schede, president; J. Monroe Hewlett, secretary;
Harry F. Waring, treasurer; Samuel Russell, Jr.,
captain; H. W. Gilbert, first lieutenant; Fred. Avery,
second lieutenant.ARTHUR CHAMBERS has authorized Richard
K. Fox to state that he is ready to match Joe Acton,
of Philadelphia, to wrestle John Conners, of Scranton,
catch-as-catch-can, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side; man and
money ready at the Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge
avenue, Philadelphia.MISS MARY MURPHY, better known as Mary
Scott, of Fall River, Mass., the female champion
boxer of New England, is eager to box four three-
minute rounds with Miss Daisy Daly or any female
pugilist, and has issued a challenge to contend against
Daisy Daly or any of the female boxers.THE match game of billiards between W. H.
Cotton, of St. Louis, and Geo. Stone, of Dallas, came
off in Fort Worth, Texas, recently. The stakes were
\$500 a side. Cotton discounted Stone, but the latter
won by 1,000 to 673 points. The betting on the outside
was very heavy, thousands changing hands.JACOB SCHAEFER and Gen. F. Slosson signed
articles at Chicago for two games of billiards to be
played there May 12 and 13; first game for the bal-
kline championship and \$500 a side, and the second at
the champion game, the loser of the first match to
have the option of making the stakes \$1,000 a side.At Clarendon Hall, East Thirteenth street,
New York, on Thursday night, April 17, August
Schmidt, the champion wrestler of Germany, and Ed-
win Bibby are to wrestle for \$200 and two-thirds of the
gate receipts. The conditions are Græco Roman, "Police
Gazette" rules. Both athletes are in training.DANIELS, the umpire, thinks that it will be
impossible to enforce the pitching rule of the Ameri-
can Association code, which obliges the pitcher to
deliver the ball from below the line of the shoulder.
He prefers the League rule, which gives the pitcher
perfect freedom to deliver the ball as high as he likes.DOMINICK McCAFFREY, the clever pugilist of
Pittsburg, Penn., is booked for a four-round glove
contest with William Sheriff, to take place April
26. After that he will be prepared to talk busi-
ness with either Charles Mitchell or John Kilrain, of
Boston, and spar either of them for from \$500 to \$1,000
a side.THE National Association of Trotting Horse
Breeder will hold their next trotting meeting on the
New York Driving Club, Sept. 9 to 11. The present
value of the Wilson stakes for four-year-olds is \$8,100.
Hinda Rose, Antonio, the unnamed brother of Ho-
garth, and Love-knot, by Snuggler, are in the list of
nominations.PAT PERRY, the pugilist, who was recently
matched to fight Punch Callow, in England, forfeited.
Prior to forfeiting he was tendered a benefit at Hope
Music Hall, London. The wind-up was between Bill
Goode and Pat Perry, upon the conclusion of which
Pat was presented with a valuable gold watch and
albert, the gift of a gentleman.GEORGE GODFREY has posted a forfeit and
issued the following challenge to McHenry Johnson,
the Black Star: "I will fight McHenry Johnson 4
rounds, 'Police Gazette' Revised Marquis of Queens-
berry rules, the winner to take two-thirds of the gate
receipts. To prove I mean business, I have posted \$25
forfeit with the Boston Globe."At a regular meeting of the Dauntless Row-
ing Club of New York the following officers were
elected: J. H. Bedford, president; E. F. Raynor, first
vice-president; C. J. Connell, second vice-president;
H. W. Walters, secretary and treasurer; A. F. Cam-
acho, captain; H. Fredericks, lieutenant; D. Pearl,
W. E. Pearl, W. H. Hamilton, trustees.ON March 28 the Grand National Steeple-
chase (handicap of 1,000 guineas) was run at Liverpool,
Eng. The distance is nearly 4 miles 800 yards. The
race was won by H. F. Boyd's six-year-old bay gelding
Voluntary, 145 lbs.; Mr. M. A. Maher's six-year-old
bay mare Frigate, 150 lbs., came in second, and Capt.
Fisher's five-year-old Roquefort, 145 lbs., third. There
were 15 starters, and 58 subscribers.JIMMY CARNEY, of Birmingham, Eng., in re-
ply to the challenge of Posh Price to fight Carney,
says: "I am not at all surprised at him resuming his
old tactics, and he will do well to leave my name alone
in future. In regard to Posh Price, of Shoreditch, I
was not aware of his existence, but if he be eager for
a match, I am not particular about conceding him 25 lbs
in weight, for £50 or £100 a side."PATRICK CROWLEY, of Brooklyn, and J. P.
Ring, of Staten Island, are matched to wrestle best two
in three falls, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$100 a side.
The match is to take place at Billy Madden's Athletic
Hall, 120 East Thirteenth street, on Thursday night,
April 24. Billy Madden is final stakeholder, and Rich-
ard K. Fox is to select the referee. Tom McAlpine
backs Crowley, while Ring puts up his own money.AT Belleville, Canada, recently, the Bay of
Quinte Quilt Club elected the following officers:
President, W. Mundell; Vice-President, J. Fleming;
Captain, S. C. Edwards; Secretary, George S. Wilson;
Treasurer, E. Hayne. Committee of Management—
Messrs. R. R. Dinwoodie, G. Pope, A. Curverston, G.
Irving, L. Appleby. Honorary members—Messrs. W. H.
Ponton, R. S. Bell, J. W. Dunnett, S. B. Burlett
and H. Corby.CHARLES MITCHELL and William Sheriff, the
Prussian, are matched to box four three-minute
rounds. The contest is to be decided inside of three
weeks at Pastime Park, Philadelphia. Mitchell says:
"McCaffrey wants a go at me, but I don't think he has
done anything yet to warrant him putting on the
gloves with a recognized first-class man, and I won't
have anything to do with him until he shows what he
is capable of."MIKE CLEARY, the pugilist, is training at
Frank Duffy's Live Oak Hotel, at Fort Hamilton, N.
Y., for his glove fight with Charley Mitchell, which is
to be decided at Madison Square Garden in May. On
Friday evening, April 18, Cleary will be tendered a
benefit at Germania Assembly Rooms, Bowery, near
Houston street. Cleary and Wm. Sheriff, the Prus-
sian, will spar 4 rounds on the above occasion, the
winner to take entire receipts of house.ASTOR'S yacht, the Nourmahal, is a beautiful
model. The deck length is 227 ft and a few inches.
The breadth of beam is 30 ft and the depth of hold 18 ft
7½ in. Speed is to be less of an object than safety and
comfort. The two engines can be worked to the extent
of 1,400 horse-power, but only 12 knots an hour
is expected from ordinary pressure, which can be in-
creased to 14 if necessary. The yacht is to be
bark rigged, and will spread something like 7,000 square
feet of canvas to the breeze.WESTON started on Nov. 21, 1883, to walk 5,000
miles in 100 days, walking 50 miles on each successive
day, Sundays excepted. Weston returned to London,
England, the starting-point, on March 15, 1884, having
successfully accomplished the feat and abided by the
stipulations agreed upon. Weston walked 1,699½
miles of the distance on the turnpike roads, and 3,300½
in halls and inclosures, by measurements guaranteed
by the judges who accompanied him from start to
finish.THE Cleveland Yacht Club has elected the
following officers: Commodore, George W. Gardner;
vice commodore, Percy W. Rice; rear commodore,
W. H. Eckman; secretary, James E. Downy; treasur-
er, H. G. Phelps; measurer, Henry Gerlach;
surveyor, Bernard Lyman; executive and regatta
committee, Robert E. Mix, chairman, Henry D. Coffin-
berry, James Corrigan, N. P. McKean, W. Scott
Robison. New members admitted: A. C. Ramson,
James E. Downy, Leon Gobille, and Mr. Kelly.

THE following explains:

PUEBLO, COLO., March 20, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR—In a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE I
noticed a challenge from Billy D. Fay, of Hat Creek,
W. T., to dance me for \$500. Please inform him
through your sporting paper that if he will forward
the \$100 posted with D. E. Riedendorph, of Hat Creek, W.
T., to your office in New York City, the same as I did,
I will know he means business and cover the same.PADDY HUGHES,
Champion jig dancer of the world.AT Buffalo, N. Y., Prof. J. W. Whitney and
Prof. J. F. Hess have been blowing about each other
for several weeks, and have threatened to fight each
other in any way that was desirable to the other.
Tired of newspaper blows, a representative of Richard
K. Fox got the two "professors" together by appoint-
ment in Durrenberger's place, at Broadway and Ell-
cott street, Buffalo, to see if a match could be ar-
ranged. Hess, or Brooks, for that is Hess' proper
name, was willing, but Whitney refused to fight.LETTERS are lying at this office for the fol-
lowing parties: Thomas Atkin, L. Alanzopania, Doc
Baggs, Tom. Cannon (2), Chas. E. Courtney (3), C.
Duncan, Frank C. Dobson, Peter Duryea, Dick Garvin,
Prof. John Haley, Thos. King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Chas.
D. Lakey (3), Michael McCarthy, Wm. Muldoon (2),
Geo. W. Moore, Harry Monroe, Wm. Mantell, E.
Pidgeon, June Rankin, Sec'y Pastime Athletic Club,
New York; Miss Ullie, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry
Woodson, Ed. Bibby, Geo. Hazael, Plunger Walton.A DESPERATE prize fight was fought on March
25 at Bell's coal-mine, near Mansfield. The principals
were coal miners—an Englishman, 5 ft 10 in in height,
weighing 185 lbs., and known as "The Bull," and an
Irishman named Hanley, four years his antagonist's
junior, fully five inches shorter, and weighing only
125 lbs. Notwithstanding this disparity in size and
weight, a most desperate fight took place, in which the
light weight was victorious in 13 rounds. Hanley
scored 11 out of 13 knock-downs. Neither of the men
had been in the ring before, but both have been ac-
customed to gloves.THE American Association Guide introduces
Thomas A. Mansell, of the St. Louis Club, as the cham-
pion batter of the country, and bases its claim on the
fact that his average for the season of 1883 was .333,
while that of Bruthers, the champion batter of the
League, was only .371. The fallacy of this claim is
shown in the fact that Mansell's average given above
is for 28 games played in the American Association,
while in the 34 League games that he played with the
Detroit Club, his average was .213. Again, Mansell
played in only 62 games during the entire season, while
Bruthers participated in 97 games.ON March 11 all arrangements were made for
the great glove contest between Charley Mitchell,
champion of England, and Billy Edwards, the retired
light-weight champion. Articles of agreement were
signed for the distinguished pugilists to box four rounds
according to "Police Gazette" rules. The contest will
take place at Madison Square Garden, on May 12. At
the request of Edwards and Mitchell, Richard K. Fox
was selected referee, and he agreed to fill the position
or select a responsible party to act in that capacity. If
Edwards is the pugilist he was ten years ago, Mitchell
will have to hit quick and heavy to conquer the great-
est pugilist that ever held the light-weight champion-
ship.WE have received the following from Duncan
C. Ross:

171 ONTARIO STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—R. W. Harrison, Jack Stewart and several
other would-be Canadian pugilists have been doing
considerable newspaper talk recently, but have failed
to put up any money to back their opinions. Having
Mervine Thompson, for whom I have put up money
against Sullivan for a match for \$5,000 a side, I propose
to give an exhibition in Toronto, Ontario, with him
and Chas. Lange, the Ohio champion, also Dennis
Gallagher, the Irish wrestler. During the exhibition
I shall be pleased to give Harrison, Stewart, or any
one else that will stand up before Thompson, 4 rounds,
Marquis of Queensberry rules, \$100.THE following are the entries for the six-day
race at Madison Square Garden on Monday, April 28,
with their records: Robert Vint, record 578 miles;
George D. Noremac, record 565 miles; Charles Thomp-
son, a new man and a resident of New York; D. J.
Herty, from Boston; Peter Napoleon Campana, fifty
years old, and backed by the citizens of Bridgeport;
William Wallace Lounsbury, an athlete of thirty, born
in New York, but a resident of Chicago; Frank Hart,
the colored champion, who is en route from San Fran-
cisco, and whose name was appended by his backer,
Sam Day, of Birmingham, Eng.; and Nitaw-eg-ebow,
an Indian celebrated among his people (the Chippe-
was) for his courage and fleetness of foot. He fre-
quently, it is said, has captured deer and buffalo by
running them down.AT Beacon Park, Boston, on May 5, James
Keenan, the well-known sporting man of 35 Kneeland
street, Boston, will give a purse of \$150 for a 150-yard
foot-race. The purse will be divided as follows:—\$75 to
first, \$35 to second, \$25 to third, and \$15 to fourth. "All
entries must be in right name, or they will be disquali-
fied if discovered. The race will be run between ropes
and stakes. If there are more than six starters, it will
be run in heats with one hour between last trial heat
and final. I give this race that the good men may
have a show for the money, for in most of the handi-
caps given in this country, the scratch men have no
show with limit men, and I don't believe in handicap-
ping good men out of a race. Entries close April 26,
and can be made with Edward Morse, 3 Tremont Row,
or, at either of my places, 95 Portland street and 35
Kneeland street."THERE was a rattling main fought near New
Brunswick, N. J., on the 29th ult., between Philadel-
phia and New Jersey. The conditions were to show a
dozen pairs of birds and fight all that fell in between
3 lbs 12 ozs and 5 lbs 6 ozs. Give and take an ounce.
There was \$100 wagered on each battle, and as
eleven pairs fell together it was decided that the win-
ner of the odd fight should receive \$1,000. Eleven bat-tles were fought with varying fortunes. In the twelfth
both sides sent in the best forces they had. That of
Philadelphia was a pure white of 5 lbs 2 ozs, and the
Jersey bird was a blue black of 5 lbs 3 ozs. The pair
blinded each other in 10m, and then came the
counting process, which netted a victory for Philadel-
phia. A row then ensued, the partisans of the new
Jersey fowls claiming the fight. The referee refused
to act in that capacity any longer, and left the pit. No
one would accept the position, and all bets on the main
were declared off.ON April 7, at Hazleton, Pa., a foot-race was
arranged between Fred. Hurst, of Hazleton, and
Thomas Brennan, of Tamaqua. The following are
the articles of agreement:Articles of Agreement, made this 7th day of April,
1884, between Fred. Hurst, of Hazleton, and Thos.
Brennan of Tamaqua, to run a 150-yard foot-race,
Hurst to give Brennan 5 yards start (inside), the
stakes to be two hundred dollars (\$200) a side. Twenty
dollars a side forfeit is now deposited in the hands of
Henry Collier, who is now temporary stakeholder.
Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. The race to
be run on Thursday, June 5, 1884, either at Hazle-
ton or Freeland, the final deposit to be made
on the 26th day of May, 1884. Geo. Turner, of Phila-
delphia, to be pistol-firer, Richard K. Fox, or his repre-
sentative, to be referee, or, if R. K. Fox, or representa-
tive is not present the pistol-firer to choose referee,
whose decision shall be final. The ground to be decided
on a week before race, winner to pay expenses of ref-
eree and pistol-firer. Either parties not agreeing with
above articles, will forfeit all moneys already down.Signed, THOMAS SIMPSON, for
HURST,
J. COLLINS, for
BRENNAN.THE following sporting men called at the
POLICE GAZETTE office during last week: John
Hughes, Young Bibby, Hon. John McManus, Capl
James C. Daly, Nick Langdon, ex-Alderman Barney
Goodwin, John J. Peterson, Rock Springs, W. T.
Sylvester, Kelly, James Pilkington; Fred. Plaisted
Pittsburg, Pa.; Jack Bowles, Mike Cleary, Tim Dra-
coll, Bob Smith, Harry King, Jerry Murphy, Ed
Mallahan, Harry Herber, Tom McAlpine, James
Wakeley, Frank Stevenson, Jimmy Kelly; Capt.
Reilly, Brooklyn; Bill Davis; Mark Maguire, Sun;
James Kanoln, Dr. E. N. Steele, Steamer State of
Florida; Charley McCoy, Tommy Barnes; Wm. J.
Silverstein, Manager New Opera House, Honesdale,
Pa.; Samuel Day, pedestrian, Birmingham, Eng.;
Messrs. Maher Bros., Boston, Mass.; ex-Alderman
Geo. Hall, Wm. Snelback, Wallace Ross, Joseph Mc-
Gowan, H. Soudant, Joe Fowler, Edwin Bibby, Harry
King; Col. T. E. Snelbaker, Manager Theatre Co-
mique, Washington, D. C.; Hjal H. Stoddard; Robert
Mackay, Wm. Mackay, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eli Pierre,
Geo. Taylor, Mr. Geo. Hazleton, Geo. Oestrich, R. E.
Goodman; Pete Duryea, Manager six-day walk; Tom
Davis; Harry S. Sanderson, Manager Tony Pastor's
theatre; J. D. Wright, Port Huron, Mich.; Mr. Martin,
Detroit, Mich.; Jack Dempsey, Patrick McCausland
(Young English), Tony Owens, Mr. Hazleton, A. F.
Tuttle, Mr. Campbell, of Harry Hill's.THE annual race between the picked eight-
oared crews of Cambridge and Oxford universities was
rowed over the Thames championship course, from
Putney to Mortlake, on April 7. The following were
the crews: Cambridge University crew—J. R. G. C.
Gridley, Third Trinity, 143; 2 G. H. Eyre, Corpus, 157;
3 F. Straker, Jesus, 170; 4 S. Swann, Trinity Hall, 182;
5 F. E. Churchhill, Third Trinity, 182; 6 E. W. Haig,
Third Trinity, 180; 7 C. W. Moore, Christ, 166; F. J.
Pitman, Third Trinity (stroke), 166; C. E. Biscoe,
Jesus (coxswain), 118. The Oxford crew—L. A. G.
Shortt, Christ Church, 155; 2 L. Stock, Exeter, 156; 3
C. R. Carter, Corpus, 177; 4 R. W. Taylor, Lincoln,
183; 5 D. H. MacLean, New, 180; 6 A. R. Patterson,
Trinity, 188; 7 C. W. Blandy, Exeter, 152; W. D. B.
Curry, Exeter (stroke), 143; F. J. Humphreys, Bras-
nase (coxswain), 106. The race was rowed in a driz-
zling rain, and there were few spectators present. The
Cambridge crew was the favorite, and won an easy
victory. This was the forty-first contest, of which
Oxford has won twenty-two, one was a dead heat, and
Cambridge has won nineteen. Oxford won the toss
and selected the Surry side of the river. After a false
start, Cambridge, at the word "go," gripped the water
first and gained a lead of nearly half a length. Oxford,
by a great effort, almost caught Cambridge in the first
100 yards. A ding-dong tussle was kept up during the
rest of the first mile, when Cambridge resumed its
lead and was never afterward headed. Passing Ham-
mersmith, Cambridge was nearly one length ahead.
Oxford frequently spurred, and Cambridge promptly
answered. A nasty choppy sea and a head wind
seemed to favor Cambridge, while the rowing and
steering of Oxford was somewhat wild, but the men
worked gamely until Barnes was reached, where they
went to pieces. Cambridge finished fresh, nearly three
lengths ahead. Time 21m and 30s.AT Wilkesbarre, Pa., on April 5, the proposed
120-yard race between Harry Lewis, of Wilkesbarre,
and P. J. Cannon, of Drifton, Pa., was ratified, and
the following articles of agreement were forwarded to
this office:WILKESBARRE, April 5, 1884.
Articles of Agreement, entered into this 5th day of
April, between Harry Lewis, of Wilkesbarre, and P.
J. Cannon, of Drifton, who do hereby agree to run a
foot-race, 120 yards, for the sum of five hundred dol-
lars (\$500) a side. The start to be with mutual consent.
If both men go over mark together it is a race. The
contest to take place at Lee Park, Wilkesbarre, Pa.,
on May 29, 1884, between 2 and 3 P. M. Both runners
to toss for choice of side and end on day of race.
One hundred dollars (\$100) a side has been placed in the
hands of Richard Williams as temporary stakeholder,
who shall forward this amount to Richard K. Fox,
editor of POLICE GAZETTE, who shall be final stake-
holder. The next deposit of two hundred dol-
lars (\$200) a side shall be posted on the 28th
inst., and the final deposit of two hundred dol-
lars (\$200) a side to be posted on day of
race at 2 P. M. The race to come off, rain or
shine, and Richard K. Fox or his representative to be
referee, whose decision shall be final. Each man
to have a Judge, John Thomas for Harry Lewis, and
Michael J. Meehan for P. J. Cannon. The track to
be 150 yards in length, with a rope in the
center of both runners and one on each side. The
track to be 10 yards wide. The winner to take all
gate money and pay referee's expenses. Either man
failing to comply with the above conditions to forfeit
all money in hands of stakeholder.Signed: HENRY LEWIS.
P. J. CANNON.
Witnesses:
I. G. FALK, for Lewis.
A. C. FEATHERSON, for Cannon.
R. WILLIAMS, temporary stakeholder.
RICHARD K. FOX, final stakeholder.HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
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AN athletic tournament is projected at Woodstock, Ont., for May 24, under the auspices of John Forbes. Sparring will play a share in the event.

At Hamilton, Canada, on April 3, Harry Gilmore offered Paul Patillo a purse if he (Gilmore) failed to knock him out in 4 three-minute rounds. Paul came on the stage with a swagger, and was shown to a dressing-room. He soon emerged dressed in a red shirt, white knickers and blue stockings. Gilmore wore a neat costume of all white, and appeared to be about 17 lbs at a disadvantage from his antagonist. Tommy Middleton was time-keeper, and a local man named Walker was referee. Walker betrayed little knowledge of the rules governing such a contest. Popp attended Gilmore, and a local man looked after Paul Patillo. Time was called and Gilmore led off in rattling shape, and had all the best of such fighting as there was. Patillo closed with him, and wrestling as in a ring fight, paid no attention to the referee, who did not try hard to make himself heard. Clinch followed clinch, and Patillo managed to stay out the 4 rounds after earning a very bad name for his cowardly style of fighting. His conduct in tanning his adversary was worthy of him, and did not help him any. The general impression of those who were near the stage was that Gilmore won the fight many times over on a foul.



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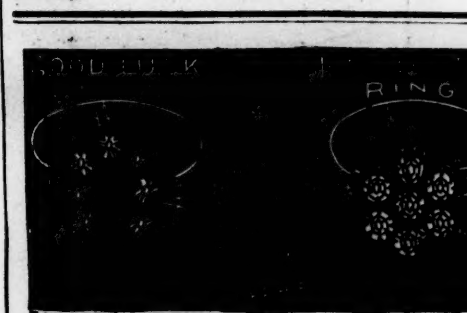
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